My Personal Testimony

Akbar From India

My name is Akbar, son of Mohammed Khaja Mohinuddin and Navanbee.

Before I could share my testimony, I would like to quote Romans 10:20 from the Epistle written by Apostle Paul where the Lord says: “I was found by those who did not seek Me; I became manifest to those who did not ask for Me” (NASB). Apostle Paul quoted this Scripture from Chapter 65:1 in The Book of Isaiah.

The reason why I quoted this verse is to testify to the gracious, loving-kindness God showed according to this Scripture in my life and in the lives of my whole family members. His Word has been proved to be true and it has been fulfilled in our lives. Though we did not seek Him, though we did not ask for Him, He found us and manifested Himself to us. Oh, I wish that each and every breath of mine be praise to Him and a sweet song for my Lord Jesus Christ.

Here Is My Testimony:

I am the sixth child to my parents following three oldest daughters and two sons. Our family was very religious and particular in following the traditions and beliefs of Islam.

My father was an engine driver working for South Central Railways and my mother is a house maker. My father was an active member in the Mosque and my mother, a teacher of Koran, was very passionate towards Islam and serious about following its traditions, rituals, beliefs and teachings. My parents had brought us up in the same fear and faith of Islam.

God Manifested:

It all started with my eldest brother, his name is Musthafa, who was born after my three elder sisters. One day as he was walking on the road, suddenly he heard a voice calling him by his name: “Musthafa, Musthafa, look at Me. I am the Lord your God.” He looked all around to find the one who was calling him but he could not find anyone except himself in that place. It was a strange experience to him which had never before happened in his life. When the voice came again the second time, Musthafa recognized that it was coming from above.

Though he came to know that the voice was coming from above, he didn’t know whose voice it was. Before he could think about anything else, immediately he was surrounded by Power which was like an electric power that led him to a small Christian tent meeting where a preacher was preaching about Jesus Christ. The Power which was all around him said, “The One who spoke to you on the way is the same One this man is preaching.” There as that preacher was preaching about Jesus Christ, Musthafa understood that the One who spoke to him was Jesus Christ. There

he accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior with a strong conviction as the Holy Spirit of the Lord dealt with him in his heart. As soon as my brother accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior, he saw Jesus for seven days continously. Since then he was changed. He was no more reading the Quran or going with us to the mosque to offer prayer. He was not doing what he used to do along with us every day. My parents found out about his faith in Jesus Christ.

When my mother, father, and all of my family members came to know about Musthafa's new faith in Jesus Christ, they were very upset. We being Muslims did not believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. According to the Quran, He is just one of the prophets among many other prophets. Allah does not have sons or daughters and we did not believe in the crucifixion of Jesus Christ because we believed that before the crucifixion of Jesus Christ Allah took Him up into the Heavens. Christians thought that Jesus was crucified on the cross and even Jews thought that they have crucified Jesus Christ, whereas we believed they crucified someone else whose face was changed by Allah into the likeness of the face of Jesus Christ. We were also believing the Bible has been changed by the Christians, Jesus Christ came only for the Jews, and He promised about Mohammed in the Bible, who then came as a messenger of Allah for the entire world and we have to follow only Mohammed now.

My parents were very unhappy and they were very angry with Musthafa. For many days arguments and discussions between Koran and Bible were going on but none of the other party got convinced. However, my parents noticed that whenever my brother prayed in the Name of Jesus healings were taking place. The sick people suffering with cancer tumors, the blind, the lame, and demon possessed people were getting healed when he prayed for them in the Name of Jesus and these things were under observation of my mother and father.

One day my mother's cousin's sister, my aunt, came to visit us. She was suffering with the disease of blood hemorrhage (The Issue of Blood) since many days and became very weak because of continuous flow of blood. She expected my mother to take her to a good doctor. Meanwhile, my mother asked my brother to pray for her and my brother agreed to pray for her. We all accepted and we were watching as he laid his hands on her and began to pray. As Musthafa started praying for her, suddenly she fell down on the floor and a screaming voice came out of her saying, "I will not leave her, I will not leave her!" and we understood that she was possessed by an evil spirit. As I was observing, whenever my brother took the Name of Jesus that demon which was inside of my aunt was shivering out of terror and closing its ears. My brother questioned that spirit, "Who are you?" The demon spirit said, "I am a spirit sent by a person who was this women's enemy and wanted to kill her with this disease." When Musthafa said, "In the Name of Jesus Christ leave her!" that evil spirit was shivering and left her saying, "Because of you I am leaving her or else I would have killed her." After some time she got up and asked us, "What happened to me, and why was I on the floor?"

I asked her, "Do you know what all you spoke?" She said she didn't know anything about what had happened to her and what all she spoke. All she knew was she is healed! She could feel that healing and comfort and strength in her body; there was no pain, no flow of blood. She was full of joy and a great glow of happiness was on her face.

As this whole thing happened in front of my eyes I started reasoning, “Why evil spirit left in the Name of Jesus Christ? Why not in any other prophet’s name? Why the evil spirit obeyed the command which was given in the Name of Jesus Christ? What is there in the Name of Jesus Christ that even evil spirit had obeyed to that Name? Why not the name of Mohammed? What Power or Authority does the Name of Jesus contain?” My mind was filled with all these kinds of thoughts and reasonings.

My search for Truth:

I decided to read the Bible to know about Jesus Christ who is claimed to be the Son of God by Christians. With an open heart in search of Truth I started reading the Bible. As I was reading, I came across Scripture in the Gospel according to Mark 16:16-18 where in the 17th verse Jesus Christ said, “These signs will accompany those who have believed; in My Name they will cast out demons...” (NASB). This verse of Scripture almost knocked me down and it opened my spiritual eyes. When I read this verse which was spoken by Jesus Christ approximately 2000 years ago, I was amazed to see that the Word of Jesus Christ is true and still alive and that Word is working. It had manifested in front of my eyes and it is containing Life even now; still there is Life in those words. According to this Scripture, when my brother commanded the evil spirit in the Name of Jesus Christ, the evil spirit left. I could not deny the fact that the words of Jesus Christ are true and had manifested in front of my eyes.

This incident brought faith in me in the Word of Jesus Christ. My Muslim spiritual leaders had taught me that even if Jesus was given the Gospel, it is only for that time and for those people. If that was true, how come the words of Jesus Christ are working now? With this incident I understood that the words of Jesus Christ are not just for that time and for those people but for all the people for all generations till the end. I understood that, “If this Word of Jesus Christ has proved itself to be true, then all the words of Jesus Christ in the Bible, whatever He said about Himself and who He is, must be true.” As I continued to read the Bible, each and every doubt and misconception about Jesus Christ and His Word (Bible) was answered. I have got all the answers for all the allegations made by Muslims about Jesus Christ and the Christian Doctrine. When I read the Word of God in the Bible, it corrected me and made me understand all of the wrong teachings against Christian Theology which I was taught by Muslim Theologians.

By the words of Jesus Christ, for the first time in my whole life I was introduced to God as a loving Father to whom I could go closer and speak to Him personally and fellowship with Him. For the first time the emptiness in my spirit was filled with God’s Love and His Presence. I understood the Love of God and the purpose and plan of God which manifested through Jesus Christ by sending Him into the world to die on the cross to take away the sins of the world. And also the Judgment of the world as we see in the words of Jesus Christ in the Gospel according to John 3:16-17 which says: “For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved” (KJV).

I understood that salvation is a free gift to all humankind through Jesus Christ from God, which man cannot achieve it by his good works. I realized God the Father had imputed Power in the

Name of Jesus Christ for his Glory when I read the Epistle written by Apostle Paul to the Philippians Chapter 2:8-11: “And being found in fashion (appearance) as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name: that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things in earth, and things under the earth: and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of the Father” (KJV).

On December 24th of 1998 I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior and took baptism. Since then the call of God and the strong passionate urge in me to preach His Gospel and His Word of Truth to the dying world has been very strong like a burning fire in my heart. I resigned my job from a multinational company and I dedicated my life to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ and His Word of Truth all over the world till my last breath.

Ministry:

My brother Musthafa and I started preaching the Gospel. As the days were going on, this news of our conversion spread all over the town and it was very embarrassing to my parents as, being an example to our whole Muslim community in our town and among all of our relatives, my father and mother felt very ashamed because they felt that it’s a shameful act on our family’s name that my brother and I were following Christianity and preaching the Gospel. But as the days passed, one after the other of my family members accepted the Gospel and came to Jesus Christ miraculously as the Lord opened their hearts like He opened the heart of Lydia (Acts 16:14).

My Mother And Father Accepted Jesus Christ:

One day my mother questioned God, “If what my sons are preaching is the Truth, I want to know about it.” As she prayed she saw a vision in that she saw Jesus Christ. His whole body was wounded and blood was flowing from all over His body. When my mother saw this she could not bear it and she accepted Jesus Christ.

Though my mother accepted Jesus Christ, she was a secret believer because of my father. One day as my father was driving his train, he got down to check the engine. After checking it, he was getting back inside the engine and suddenly he felt something bite him on his leg. But he ignored it and by the time he came home his leg was swollen. When he consulted the doctor the doctor said, “It is elephantiasis and there is no cure or medication for this disease.” My father was upset, feeling sad and thinking, “Why has this disease come to me since in my whole genealogy no one has gotten such a kind of a disease?”

We took the opportunity to share about Jesus Christ and we told him that Jesus Christ is all capable to heal him. Immediately my father said, “If He heals me I will believe in Him and accept Him as my Lord and Savior.” We prayed for him and we gave him a bottle of oil. We told him, “This oil represents the blood of Christ which He shed for you on the cross and by faith apply it.” My father took the oil bottle and whenever he got the time in his working hours he applied it. When he returned from his work after two days, all the peels fell from his leg and his

leg became normal. He was amazed at this miracle and this miracle brought faith in him and he accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior and also he took baptism.

One by one in our family everyone accepted Jesus Christ. My sisters, their husbands, all of their children. Even my second brother, who was against us and used to criticize us, accepted Jesus Christ. Of course everyone had experienced miracles in their lives when we prayed for them so all of them accepted Jesus Christ.

Excommunicated:

We have been excommunicated by Muslims from our religion and from our relatives, and all who were near and dear had forsaken us. Being reproached for the Name of Christ we esteemed ourselves to be blessed because He made us worthy to suffer shame for His Name. Many times being threatened to be killed we never looked back. Whatever we have suffered and are still suffering, it is nothing before Our Lord's Love and Crucifixion for us.

In our same town we started the Church Ministry by the call of God and we went on preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ throughout the villages which are all around the town and district. I have worked with Campus Crusade for Christ. I took The Jesus Film projector and went on doing Evangelism all around the villages and even into deep forests where tribal people lived, showing The Jesus Film and preaching the Gospel. Many came to Jesus Christ and accepted Him as Lord and Savior. The Church was increasing day by day; many people were joining the Church as the Ministry expanded all around.

I have done Master of Divinity in Theological Studies (M.Div), Master of Theology in Christian Apologetics (M.Th), and now I am doing Doctor of Theology in Apologetics (D.Th).

The Lord led me to Mumbai to minister in a new mission field, especially among the Muslims. I shifted to Mumbai in June 2005 along with my wife Susan to start the Ministry called "Winning Muslims for Christ."

Winning Muslims For Christ Ministry:

This Ministry is working among Muslims, having committed to the Great Commission of the Lord Jesus Christ: "Go into all the World, and preach the Gospel to all creation" (Mark 16:15). Jesus Christ commanded us to preach the Gospel to all creation. All will not be all without Muslims.

If we see throughout the history of the Church and even now, the only people who were not being evangelized are Muslims. We find very few people from the Muslim background who have come to the Lord all over the world. If the Lord questions the Church, "Have you preached the gospel to all creation?" the Church may respond, "Except to Muslims, Oh Lord!"

In Matthew 8:5-13, we see a centurion coming to Jesus and asking Him to heal his servant who is sick and suffering with palsy. Jesus said in verse 7, "I will come and heal him," but the

centurion said in verse 8, “Lord, I am not worthy for you to come under my roof: but just say the word, and my servant will be healed.” Verse 10 says that when Jesus heard this, He marveled and said to those who were following, “Truly I say to you, I have not found such great faith with anyone in Israel.” He continues in verse 11, “I say to you that many will come from EAST and west, and recline at the table with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven” (NASB).

Jesus said, “Many will come from EAST and west.” Who are there in the EAST? In the EAST we see all Muslim nations. I believe that this is the time for them to come to Christ.

Two Reasons Why Muslims Are Not Evangelized:

When I was praying to God He spoke to my heart and gave me the two reasons why Muslims are not being evangelized:

(1) The Church is neglecting the Muslims and thinking that it is someone else’s work.

(2) Though some Churches want to evangelize Muslims, they do not know how to do so.

The Vision And Mission:

The Vision and Mission of this Ministry is to impart the vision and burden for Muslims in the Churches and to train and equip the Churches for Muslim Evangelism. This Ministry conducts Training Programs, Conferences and Seminars to train and equip the Churches and the individuals for Muslim evangelism.

By this I can once again say that the Word of God according to Romans 10:20 has been fulfilled in my life and in the lives of my family members: “I was found by those who did not seek Me; I became manifest to those who did not ask for Me.”

Let all the Glory and Honor be unto God Almighty who is rich in His Mercy and Grace. Amen.

Please pray for me and for the Muslim ministry that I am doing.

Yours in Christ’s Service,
Rev. Peter Akbar
Mumbai, India

A woman from Pakistan

I was born in a Muslim family in Pakistan, when I was a teenager I experienced the presence of the LORD and learned that HE is very loving and friendly, but as I grew and learned quran, I got very frustrated and mad because in the quran there is so much lust and hatred. I thought GOD speaking in quran as Muslims believe and preach, and I closed the doors on my childhood friend thinking HE is talking in the quran.

I married at the age of 25 and had 2 kids but marriage didn't last for long and ended in 1999. My husband was from very fanatic Muslim family of Multan. They don't allow their girls to go to school. Girls died in the same house where they were born, Tomb of my husband's father is main point of worship in their area. When I came back I lived with my mom and my two step brothers. I tried to find truth in the quran again.

I questioned Islamic teaching which is full of lust, thinking that Islam might have some answers, but Islam has no answers but the sword to convince these who question, I received first life threat then.

While I was living with my mother, she and my stepbrothers felt I might claim part of their house because they built it with money that I inherited from my father. He was personal physician of King Fahad in Saudi Arabia, and died when I was a teenager. I was questioning Islam too, so my mother with the help of my stepbrothers tried to kill me. My mother strangled me with a rope and while she was holding me she called my step brothers to pull it from both sides. All this happened in front of my children. When neighbors heard our screaming and crying they called police.
My mother told every one that because I was talking against the Islam she tried to kill me although I think money was the reason.

In those days my brother joined the Taleban and went to Afghanistan for Jihad (Islamic holy war). When the USA attacked Afghanistan after 911 he was already in Afghanistan leading more than 50 men in Jihad and killed many men there including USA soldiers I believe. He got wounded and had to come back, hiding with Arabs, since then he is hiding here and has changed his appearance too.

I had to leave home and since then I am living alone with my kids.

After studying Islam I declared that if Allah is GOD then GOD is the devil. This was a very logical conclusion after reading the quran.

I left Islam and tried to build a relationship with GOD without religion. I said religions are like an illusion, they take you away from GOD.

I was trying to find my Creator and I thought I would never know what HE is really like.

I told an online friend of mine, "I was so ashamed of Mohammad's words and deeds, that all my life I tried to justify him; now I have run out of excuses for him." He responded to me: "Follow JESUS, because what HE did and said you will never be ashamed of." Then he suggested: that if I like I should read the Bible. I started reading the Bible online from Genesis and got bored after few chapters, so I asked my online friend, and he said, "You should read from the Gospel of John."

And my old childhood friend was talking boldly, truthfully and so beautifully in gospel of John. In chapter six I gave my heart to LORD, and it is the best thing ever happened to me. I was like Mary Magdalene who was looking for dead body of LORD JESUS and met resurrected CHRIST

The one who declared that GOD is evil fell in love with the living GOD.

HE had mercy on me. Before that I was living in a thick darkness which could be felt.

Currently my children and I are hiding in Pakistan from my family and from Muslim fanatics. This is God's will for the time being. My children also accepted LORD their Savior so laws are against us because the quran says to kill those who leave Islam. But LORD is more precious then life.

Many times I received threats from my mother, my sister and from my ex husband. We moved to a Christian " colony", thinking it would be a safe place to live, but many people despise us. They think that only people born in Christian families are Christians. I blame Churches that are preaching that people who come to church and give money and tithes to the church are saved.

Muslims want to kill our bodies and nominal Christians wants to kill our soul with wrong doctrines. But LORD did not call us in vain. His purpose in our lives shall be fulfilled. It is not glorious and fun life which today's church promises, but it is life when you willingly carry your cross and deny yourself daily. That is how a single woman with her two children stands in the Lord's strength against whole set up of the Islam and nominal Christianity.

I want to write about our present situation in Pakistan. Everything became so painful for me and for my kids. We have never been so broken in our whole lives as we are in this so called Christian colony. As soon as nominal Christians learn that we are from Muslim background that there is no man in the house, they use dirty words against us and threaten us. After facing this the first time the children cried a lot and asked, "Are we dogs?" Every one comes and threaten us here and abuses us, in less then a year I had to change house three times and still we are not safe here.

Sometimes I feel it is better to fall in hands of Muslims even if they would kill us than to suffer in the hand of nominal Christians. No matter what Muslims do they always strengthen my Faith in our LORD JESUS CHRIST, but nominal Christians are such a stumbling block for us and it is the darkest thing I have ever seen in my life.

My Reasons Why I Quit Islam Forever

I was born in a devout Muslim family belonging to Sunni sect of Islam. I come from an Islamic country but currently I live in a western country. During every Ramadan I used to faithfully fast. During my University study, one of my subjects was Islamic Studies. My professor of the subject glorified Islam and taught all the good deeds of the prophet of Islam. I was taught that Quran is the perfect and the best book sent by God. Islam should be dominant and supersede all the religions of the world. However I realized that he never mentioned why the prophet was so violent and killed so many people. He never mentioned the numerous contradictions in the Quran. He was blowing the trumpet of how other people were converting to Islam but he was in a state of denial (just like most Muslims) with the fact that many Muslims were leaving Islam.

The Islamic teachings that I received were accepted totally by me in the beginning. I defended Islam at all costs. I hated anyone who criticized the prophet or Islam. However, when I read '23 Years of Prophet' by Ali Dashti, and when I went through various web-sites like Answering-islam.org, Faithfreedom.org, and the Prophetofdoom.net, and had discussions with non-Muslims, I began to lift my head out of the sand. I started analysing the Quran and the Islamic teachings and I realized that the mullahs and the Islamic scholars were hoodwinking the Muslims.

From my childhood I hated violence in any form. To my utter dismay I found out that Quran is full of violence. For example, Quran 8:12 (Hilali- Khan) states "(Remember) when your Lord inspired the angels, "Verily, I am with you, so keep firm those who have believed. I will cast terror into the hearts of those who have disbelieved, so strike them over the necks, and smite over all their fingers and toes." " I discussed this verse with the mullahs and they stated that I have taken it out of context. I replied that the whole Quran has no context and chronology in the first place. They told many lies to cover up. They quoted the Meccan verse (By the way, non violent Meccan verses have been abrogated by violent Medina verses) that says he that kills a man is like killing the whole humanity, and he that saves a man is like saving the whole humanity (Quran 5:32). However this whole verse had been plagiarized verbatim from Mishnah Sanhedrin 4:5. This Mishnah was present 400 years before Quran. Quran 8:39 (Hilali-Khan) states "And fight them until there is no more Fitnah (disbelief and polytheism: i.e. worshipping others besides Allah) and the religion (worship) will all be for Allah Alone [in the whole of the world]. But if they cease (worshipping others besides Allah), then certainly, Allah is All-Seer of what they do." The context of this verse is not that Islam should dominate other religions but the only religion in the world and so Muslims should fight and annihilate all non-believers till there is only Islam in the whole world. This tenet of violence and killing made me to dislike Islam and leave it.

All Muslims say that Islam is a religion of peace, but I was thinking how this can be a religion of peace when it teaches to kill the non-believers by any method. Again, if any religion teaches to kill a believer if he/she leaves it, then it is not a religion but an evil cult. Islam teaches to kill its apostates. Quran 4:89 emphatically states that all apostates in Islam should be killed. Many references in hadith show that ex-Muslims were killed and are to be killed. Hence, I realized that Islam is not a religion but an evil cult.

I was always for the equality of man and woman, but since Islam teaches opposite I had no option but to leave Islam. Quran 4:34 recommends beating a disobedient wife. Sahih Bukhari Volume 1, Book 9, Number 493, quotes, " Narrated Aisha: The things which annul prayer were mentioned before me (and those were): a dog, donkey and a woman. I said, 'You have compared us (women) to donkeys and dogs.'" Muslim Book 1 Number 142 quotes Muhammad the prophet saying, "O womenfolk, you should ask forgiveness for I saw you in bulk among the dwellers of Hell." In Islam women are treated like animals with no freedom and equal rights. Three shots from the Divorce gun in the hand of Muslim man "Divorce, Divorce, Divorce" will condemn even the most obedient wife to a life of ignominy and suffering. In Quran there is no punishment for the greatest crime to womenfolk, which is rape. On the other hand if a woman gets raped she will never ever get justice unless she produces four witnesses, who have actually seen the penetration during this horrid episode. This is bizarre procedure to get the witnesses who silently enjoyed the rape scene like in a theatre, and remember that those four watchers should be perfect believers with long beards as well.

Another reason why I left Islam is that Quran is full of internal contradictions, scientific errors and historical blunders. Muslims claim that Quran is 'a miracle of miracles.' This statement is a blatant and greatest lie ever told. Here are a few samples of contradictions in Quran: examples of internal contradictions-- 54:19 mentions Aad was destroyed in a day but 69:6,7 mentions Aad was destroyed in seven nights and eight days; 19:17 shows an angel appeared to Mary but 3:42 shows several angels appeared; 28:40 mentions pharaoh drowned and died but 10:92 states that the same pharaoh was saved; examples of scientific errors--18:86 states that sun sets in a muddy spring of water; 15:19 mentions earth is flat; 86:6,7 states that semen emits from between back-bone and the ribs; examples of historical blunders—19:27,28 states that Mary was the sister of Aaron, whereas history shows they were born about 1300 years apart; 28:8 tells that pharaoh and Haman were living at the same time and place whereas history clearly shows they were born about 1000 years apart and pharaoh lived in Egypt and Haman lived in Shushan city in Persia; and 4:157 says that Jesus was not crucified whereas it is crystal clear in historical records that Jesus was crucified and not another man who looked like Jesus. By the way, the transliterated name of Jesus in arabic Quran is Isa but even this is wrong because the name of Esau, brother of Jacob (Yaqub in arabic) is Isa in arabic. The correct transliterated name of Jesus in arabic is Yasu. Isa (Esau) means 'hairy' and Yasu (Jesus) means 'God saves.' Muslims tell so many lies to cover up all internal contradictions, scientific errors and historical blunders in Quran. Any sane person can become sick of Muslim apologists' deception and lies of 'out of context,' 'bad translation' and 'arabic Quran can not be translated' to hide and conceal the contradictions in the Quran.

I was taught to love Mohammad the prophet more than anybody and anything in the world. He was best of creation, and a mercy sent to the earth by Allah. All Muslims believe that Mohammad was faultless, sinless and perfect but Quran 48:2; 47:19; 40:55 reveal that Allah told Mohammad to ask forgiveness for his faults and also for the sins that he will be committing in the future. Wherever Mohammad went, he showed no mercy to non-believers but tortured, raped serially, killed, assassinated and committed genocide. All Muslims have to say 'peace be upon him', whenever they mention the prophet's name, but I discovered in Quran, Sira (biography of the prophet) by Ishaq and all hadith that when he was weak, he tried to follow peace and endured all the scoffing and ridicule, but when he was strong and had a large horde of powerful militants

and terrorists, he tore all the peace treaties into pieces and destroyed peace wherever he went. Even till today his followers the Mohammedans i.e. Muslims pretend to follow peace when they are weak but when they are strong they destroy peace and harmony.

Muslims tell don't blaspheme Mohammad the prophet. Islamic countries have enacted blasphemy laws and they torture, imprison and kill innocent persons and minorities over trivial matter. The fact is that man cannot blaspheme man but he can only blaspheme God if he wants to do so. If a person is accused of blaspheming someone then that someone is God. The politically correct western governments and the toothless UNO are doing nothing to protest against these diabolic and wicked blasphemy laws concerning a dead man called Mohammed. Mohammedans i.e. Muslims say Mohammad was a man yet they treat him like or equal to God. Quran 4:80 (Hilali-Khan) tells "He who obeys the Messenger (Muhammad SAW), has indeed obeyed Allah." This verse reveals Mohammad is equal to Allah. Quran 33:56 (Palmer) says "Verily, God and His angels pray for the prophet. O ye who believe! pray for him and salute him with a salutation!." The above verse shows that Mohammad is greater than Allah because God does not pray for man. The arabic word used in 33:56 is 'yusalloo' which means pray. But other translators of Quran deceitfully translate 'yusalloo' as bless. But when the same word 'yusalloo' is used in Quran 4:102 those translators translate it as pray and not as bless. Hence, one sees the deceitfulness of the translators here. Quran 49:2-4 and 33:53 reveal that Allah is acting lower in rank to prophet, that is, like a servant to Mohammad because Allah tells the believers to lower their voice and not to talk loudly in the presence of prophet; not to tarry long in prophet's house and to talk to his wives only from behind the curtain and the prophet is embarrassed to tell you this but Allah is not. Any unbiased man and person with common sense can understand from the above Quranic verses that the author of Quran is not Allah but Mohammad who made himself equal to or sometimes greater than God. Tabari (contains Islamic hadith chronologically) IX: 187 states "Bakr saw that Umar would not listen. He went forward. 'Those people who formerly worshipped Muhammad must know that the deity you worshipped is dead.' " Though Islam teaches monotheism yet some verses of Quran and Hadith and Muslims by their actions support and are guilty of dual theism (Allah and Mohammad), prophetaltry (worship of prophet) and Quranaltry (worship of Quran). Since Muslims treat Mohammad like or equal to God, I quit Islam forever.

At present I love the message of Lord Jesus who taught love, fraternity and peace in all his teachings. His entire message is love for humanity. Lord Christ died on the cross for the sins of humanity and was resurrected, to save the world. He never ever killed any human but only healed and saved all whereas Mohammad the prophet tortured and killed many. I would not like to even compare Lord Christ's teachings with the Islamic nonsense of violence, looting, plundering, killing, enslaving and raping the non-believers.

I wish that my testimony could open the eyes of other Muslims, who like to live in harmony with non-Muslims, lift their heads out of the sand and quit the cult of Islam. A caveat to Muslims that are brain dead zombies: my testimony is not fake and do not deceive yourselves that no Muslim will leave Islam because Muslims are quitting Islam by scores. All westerners, liberals, leftists, rightists, media personnel, political leaders, government officials and non-Muslims, remember you are all kaffirs destined to be killed and burn forever in hell according to Islam. So please unite, stop being politically correct, help to stop the immigration flooding of Muslims to western

countries and don't be deceived by Islam. Because both types of Muslims, that is, Islamic terrorists who use jihad, bombing and explosions and so-called Muslim moderates who use deception, conversion techniques, and mass population explosions by birth and immigration to western countries, are both trying very hard to achieve the same goal, which is to fulfill Quran 8:39 that states there should be only one religion (Islam) for Allah in the whole world.

Abdullah Qasim

ALLAH'S PATH TO HELL or Jesus's path to Heaven

A True Story

Everything looked wonderful for me as I, (a civil Engineer) entered my office for my daily work. My father was a clerk, and though his salary wasn't enough, my mother, a street hawker, supplemented the shortfall. In fact, it is my mother who paid for all her children's education and maintenance. I relieved my mother of most of the expenses, but gave my father only a token sum every month.

My world took a sudden turn when I meet an Ulama (Islamic Holy Man). He showed me how the muslims were subjugated by the other religions and the world conspiracy against Islam, with the USA in the centre of it. He said, the USA purposely pushes Human Rights everywhere, because it contradicts with most of the Islamic believes and practices, and making Islam seem out of date. The Jews further manipulate the Americans for their selfish interests to control the Middle-East. Allah realized this, and said in Sura 5.51 of the Quran, not to be friends of the Jews and Christians. But the muslim countries are 'sucking' up to the USA. The lack of an Ustaz (religious teacher) in my area, depriving the muslims of adequate knowledge of the beauty and wonders of Islam, was another subject talked about at great length. After a month of convincing talks, I made enquiries in the state capital and got all the details to join the Islamic college. After a lot of soul searching and with the hate instilled in me, I decided to give up my job as an engineer, but my mother protested. In the end, I managed to convince my mother, as it was for Allah and I joined the Islamic College.

Having graduated as an ustaz, I was soon posted to my neighbourhood. There wasn't a proper Islamic School and so I conducted classes in my home, at first. Though, I was good in my Islamic Knowledge, there were times when I was stuck for answers for my innocent students, and began to add a bit of a lie here and there for the sake of defending Allah. In fact, during my Islamic College Lectures there were a lot of suppositions without factual support. When contradictions within the Holy Quran arose, it was easily solved by the words 'Allah knows best', or by mixing up some Hadith and come to some sort of an acceptable answer. (Most muslims know how to read the Arabic language in the Quran. But generally, most muslims don't understand what they are reading. Therefore, a muslim generally, don't know what the Quran

says and will need an ustaz to explain to them). Thus, this cooking of the facts was common and stretching the facts for the sake of Allah was prevalent. Lying became second nature to me and even I, began to believe my own lies. Hate for everything non-Islamic was part of my training.

My trip to Mecca for the Haj (pilgrimage) was tiring but eventful. I did not have the rare opportunity to see inside the holy Kabah and the holy idols inside, which Prophet Muhammud had helped to place, as explained in Bukhari's Hadith. But, I wondered why the symbolic Stoning of the Devil ritual (by men throwing stones at a pillar in a pit) was made so important in such a holy place. I felt only holiness and sacredness should be observed, and no ritual about a devil had any place, especially in Mecca. Due to the extreme heat, everyone was sweating profusely and was smelly. But the gathering of more than one million people was awesome and chaotic. After I returned from Mecca, I began wearing a white skullcap to show that I have done one of the 5 pillars of Islam (pilgrimage to Mecca).

Two months later, my father came to me for support, for his idea of having another wife. To justify his case, he told me he had already made this 19 year old girl, pregnant. I was furious, but Bukhari's Hadith told me that Allah created women as 'play-things' for a man. But thinking of my mother, struggling to feed and educate us, I felt so sorry for her. Without her, my father would not have been able to feed, educate and clothe his children. With my mother's support, even he enjoyed life, and after using her for all these years, he now wanted another younger wife, less than half his age and younger than three of his five children. But Allah is merciful and has given men advantage over women, as a man could even have four wives at any one time. Though, I found all sorts of excuses not to support my father's idea, I did talk to my mother about it. She was all tears, and did not go to work that day. We discussed the second wife issue at great length. When she said she will not agree to a second wife, I told her she had no choice, as he could divorce her without her consent and marry this woman anyway, and that will mean, she having to leave her children, as the father owns the children in Islam and not the mother. This tore her apart even more.

When my father brought his new wife home, my mother spent most of her time out, but bringing back less money. This put the pressure on my father, as he did not have enough for himself and whenever my mother was home, it became like a war zone. We siblings kept to ourselves with my mother, leaving this new member of the family, all to herself, until my father came home from work. During this time, I was promoted and was even sitting at times, as a judge for the Sharia court (Islamic Court). My own mother's experience, shadowed me all the time and I could not except Allah's pronouncements in ignoring the love, care and importance my mother provided for all of us. This had a bearing on my judgment, of some of the cases in the Sharia court. I have seen the arrogance of man against their muslim wives, and most of these women had, just like my mother, contributed so much for their children and household, and being presented to me many a times beaten to a pulp, all sanctioned in Islam by Allah. I thought, at first, these to be exceptional cases and Allah could not be wrong in his pronouncements. But when I kept seeing more and more women (usually 35 years and above, and one came to court in a plaster-cast on her entire left hand and left leg in a wheel chair), I began to have doubts, and began pouring into my Islamic books for a better and humane solution to a muslim woman's treatment by her husband, and a muslim man's easy divorce etc. but in vain. (Marriage in Islam is not a sacrament before God, but just an ordinary contract - usually verbal - between the groom

and the bride's father or closest elder, and can be broken anytime the groom wishes, without his wife's consent. This always infuriated me, because in her prime, she is used as a loving wife, only to be discarded later, like a used tissue paper). But, I could not find any more humane a solution to these abuses and to the rampant divorce issue in Islam. It only made me more tense.

I was called one day, to the Mufti's (Chief Islamic Priest and Administrator) office. I was asked to form a committee to try and standardize the Judgments of the Islamic Justice System applied in the Sharia courts. You see, because the Quran, Hadith, & Sunah were all open ended (not precise, for instance, Allah says in Sura 4.34 of the Quran, that a 'disobedient wife should be beaten by her husband and deserted' until she is corrected. It does not say how many beatings, which part of her body, when a husband should beat her, how, why, if she is pregnant or not, whether forcefully or not, with his hands or a whip, for what reason, in which place, etc. It is completely left to the husband and his sole judgment of his wife's disobedient way. Many times, we had women coming to us to show the beating marks on their bodies, but there was nothing in Islam to stop this, except in cases where the wife's bones were broken, to advise the husband, if at all). If 4 witnesses gave evidence of a man's theft and his right hand was cut off as punishment, and sometime later, if 1 of the witnesses admitted to giving false witness under pressure (false witnessing is common in the Sharia courts), what then? There was a lot of chaos, with different judges interpreting Islam in various ways. (Islam is not open to present ideas, like applying DNA, or accounting systems, or cyber crimes, medical, environment, civil aviation, democratic principals, human rights, or pay interest for purchases or loans, etc. but sticks to a 1,100 year old patriarchal system's way of life, to be applied to today's conditions). The accused in our courts, began choosing some judges to be present and absent for other judges. So you could have a queue for a few judges but no case for most of the other judges. Lawyers were not required in Islam, but witnesses were very important, and we do get many false witnesses coming forward with all sorts of accusations against people they have fallen out with. When I started my work to standardize the judgments, I began having numerous problems, arguments, etc from every direction and became very unpopular. There were no two judges who had the same interpretation of the Quran and penalties to be meted out. They couldn't even agree on a broad margin of interpretation and penalties (like the minimum and maximum prison terms, etc). The judges' main protests were 'it is not in the Quran'. In the end, the plan was scrapped, and Islamic Justice was allowed to be meted out, according to each judge's interpretations and knowledge of Islam, and the chaos continues to this day. I was very disappointed, of course. (In fact, for every failure of the muslims, there is at least one Christian and/or Jewish conspiracy made up for the blame. The muslims, will never accept their 1.100 year old justice system to be out of date. It is easier to blame the West and to say 'they don't understand Islam', than to try to justify Islam, because muslims know in their minds, it will surely be considered barbaric and out of date, and also because the Quran contradicts itself and the verses are open ended, and ignorance of the actual meaning of the verses in the Quran. So it is easier to blame the West for 'ignorance' and keep them wondering, when in truth the West is right all along, in their assumptions of Islam. Because the Quran contains many contradictions and out of date material, a muslim will never debate with a non-muslim, because the non-muslim could use the Quran against him, so it will be better to say 'you don't know the beauty of Islam' and save face. This is the mindset of a typical muslim. A muslim generally cannot take a joke. This is the truth. Keep arguing with him and you will actually do him a favour). (Go to the website www.answering-islam.org and see the long list of contradictions within the Quran, yourself).

One day, I caught my mother swallowing some tablets and found it to be pain-killers. I took her for a hospital check-up and it was revealed that she had cancer. She must have had it for a long time, because the cancer had spread all over. She was suffering everyday. Two years later, she succumbed to the sickness. We siblings were devastated. My world came crashing down with this loss. I tried to concentrate on my work, but became more and more frustrated for lack of proper answers. (For instance, a rape required 4 witnesses to convict the rapist, which is not generally possible or likely, so I always had to let the rapist go free, and at times, the same rapist was brought to court, having raped another girl, and without the 4 witnesses, I was paralysed, and had to let the rapist go free again. Innocent young women's lives were destroyed in the name of Islam, and knowing him to be the actual rapist, yet Islam did not permit me to see justice done. Worse, if the Islamic court did not think it to be a rape, then the victim gets stoning to death for getting pregnant out of wedlock).

The old Christian lady in my neighbourhood, a few houses down the road, was diagnosed for cancer. Her Christian family prayed to Isa Al-Maseh (Jesus Christ) every night for her fast recovery in hospital. I thought this to be a futile effort, because without Allah's mercy, this old Christian lady's fate is assured - death. Three weeks later, I was shocked to see this lady, tending to her flower plants in front of her son's house. I plucked the courage to talk to her. She told me by the grace of Jesus Christ the Lord, her prayers were answered, and she was fully recovered. Her son came out and invited me in, for a drink. After talking at length, I went home confused and wondering, why did Allah not take care of my mother, who was a good muslim, much younger and sinless, but this old Christian lady, who has so much of faith in this Isa Al-Maseh (Jesus Christ), was completely cured. Perhaps, I thought, this could be Satan at work. The next day, I could not remove the thought of this old lady from my mind. I was bent on getting to the bottom of this episode. After work, I went back to this Christian's house to disprove this Jesus Christ theory and asked for their Injeel (New Testament). At first, they were reluctant, as my country is a Muslim country, and preaching Christianity to a muslim will lead them to all sorts of punishment. Later, this Christian man (her son) pointed to his Bible on the side table with his eyes. I picked it up (This meant he did not give it to me, but I had picked it up on my own accord from his house, and he could not be accused of giving me a blasphemous material). That night, I read the Gospel of Mathew and browsed through the rest of the Bible. I was astonished to note, how well the whole bible was written chronologically, and it was easy to follow the events. But I needed more insights into the events and their significance, and made many more trips to this Christian's house, always at nights, as neighbours could get suspicious. Knowing my position and standing in the community, my hosts were also nervous of the situation, I was putting myself and them into. Days became weeks, and I used to rush back home to read more of the Bible every day. I liked the part where Jesus Christ asks any man who is without sin, to cast the first stone at a prostitute. There is so much of love, for one another in this Injeel (New Testament). All the tension and stress in me, began to subside, as I found peace and tranquility in this Jesus Christ. But my hate for all other religions was deep and still there.

I have always wondered, why only muslim females see shadows of ghosts and get hysterical collectively or individually in classrooms, factories, etc. whether in the night or day. This is not only common in my country, but in other countries as well. A muslim is not to take or keep photographs of any living thing (including humans), and this sounded so ridiculous to me, as I would have liked to keep a photo of my family for posterity. The Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem

was built about 60 years (685-691 A.D) after Prophet Muhammud died (8th June 632 A.D. in Mecca). There was nothing significant to Islam in Palestine at the time of his death. Then why did Prophet Muhammud's body go to Jerusalem to rise to Heaven, when it should have been more appropriate for him to rise from the Kabah in Mecca, which is the holiest site in Islam. These serious doubts have always bothered me, with no answers, even from my older and wiser colleagues.

My engineering training gave me an analytical mind to decipher point for point. Prophet Muhammud had no prophecy before him, where as Jesus Christ had. Allah never talked to prophet Muhammud (except indirectly through an angel), But Jesus Christ had and was the Son of God. One of Prophet Muhammud's punishments for a thief, was to gorge the man's eyes out (Bukhari's Hadith), where as this Jesus Christ has nothing but forgiveness and love for any man. Women are not blamed, for all the evil in this world, as in Islam, and is looked upon with equal dignity in Christianity. Allah seemed so remote, where as Jesus Christ seemed so close. In the Sura 3.7 of the Quran, Allah says only he can interpret the Quran properly. (According to the Hadiths, only about 700 of more than 6,000 Verses of the Quran is clear to man – less than 12%). Then why did Allah give us such a Quran, which no man can interpret properly? Isn't the Quran for man's use like the Bible? Most of the verses in the Quran is open ended, leaving a lot to guesswork, unlike the Bible. (Even for an Arab, it cannot be clearly understood, because it is presented in old Arabic - like the present Englishman trying to understand old English or Shakespearean English). Archeology cannot base their work on the Quran, because there isn't any history or geography in it, just verses of what Allah expects of man with punitive punishments specified, etc. where as the Bible is the story of Mankind, and even today, I am told, archeologists base their excavations in reference to the location and events mentioned in the Bible. Prophet Muhammud was uneducated, where as Jesus Christ was a teacher educating others. Prophet Muhammud had 12 wives, numerous concubines, temporary wives and female slaves (taken by beheading their husbands), and one of his wives was only 8 years old (Aisha) when he was 52. (After he was poisoned, according to Bukhari's Hadith he died on the lap of this wife, Aisha). He even had sex with his wife's slave at her dismay (out of wedlock). We would call such a man today as a sex-maniac, where as Jesus Christ was pure. In Sura 18.86 of the Quran, Allah says the sun sets in a dirty pond on earth. If Allah is the creator, how could Allah make such a stupid mistake? Shouldn't Allah have known the world to be round and the sun does not dip into a dirty pond on earth everyday, unless Allah is not God and the Quran is not from God. In the Quran, Sura 2.106 and 16.101, Allah says he re-edited the verses in the Quran and abrogated other verses for better ones. If Allah is God, then he did not need to change what he wrote in the first instance, because it should have been perfect. But re-writing the Quran seems to be not God to me and Allah is just as a man, making corrections to his own work. (This Allah could have used a lot of 'Liquid Paper'). Who can ever believe, that Allah needs to correct his own work – but this is exactly what Allah says in these Suras of the Quran. In Sura 11.114, 17.78-79, 20.130, & 30.17-18 of the Quran Allah says every muslim must pray 3 times a day. But in the Hadith it says 5 times a day. Couldn't Allah make up his mind? Why this contradiction? There are so many contradictions, that I could not believe, that it took that old Christian lady to open my eyes to these blunders. Islam now seemed to be a complete and ridiculous farce to me. In contrast, the bible does not prescribe amputating the right hand and left leg for theft, or killing a person for giving up his religion, or killing unbelievers, (if Allah is the creator of man, then why should he prescribe the 1 billion muslims -1/6 of the world's

population to kill the balance 5/6, – it sounds so ridiculous to me now) or stoning an adulterous to death, or blowing oneself up to bits, so that he can supposedly enjoy life in heaven as a martyr, with about 70 voluptuous fair virgin maidens, rivers of wine, honey, fresh fruits etc. It looks so false, barbaric and gruesome. In Sura 19.71 – 72 of the Quran, Allah says all muslims will go to Hell (Any muslim who reads this, ask your own ustaz what sura 19.71-72 means). That means, if anyone follows this Islamic path, will surely go to Hell (unless you explode your body with a bomb to bits and pieces, as a martyr). This sounds so barbaric and gruesome a thought to me. (Muslims always criticize Christians, Taoists, Hindus and Bhuddists of praying to idols. But in Bhukari's Hadith, it is stated that Prophet Muhammud helped the various tribes, replace about 30 idols inside the Kabah in Mecca, after it was expanded and re-constructed. Some of the idols have cracked and disintegrated over the years by the intense heat. They have the cheek to criticize other religions when muslims themselves pray and bow to idols). Time passed, with me in this limbo state and the more I went into the bible, the more convinced I became that this is definitely the right path to God, and the Quran is not from God, or Allah could have been the creation of this barbarian, Muhammud, and claiming to be a Prophet or Satan himself in disguise. If Islam will only lead a person to hell, then it is the wrong path for me. In Christianity, I have hope of reaching Heaven, without having to go to Hell. (If Islam is so good, it should have united muslim countries, but all through out history, muslim countries have always been at war with one another). But I needed proper guidance to confirm my convictions to proceed further.

One day, I slipped in front of a shop. A stranger put out her hand instinctively and caught me from falling. I found out her name to be Maria, a Catholic Christian. She was single and by a coincidence, worked as a clerk, in the very Bank I go to. I managed to tell her my story and asked her if she could help me. She totally refused. I could not blame her though, looking at me, with my long beard, skullcap and my muslim robe, I looked ghastly and could frighten anyone. Furthermore, a Christian will get into trouble for helping a muslim to give up his religion (apostate). A few days later, I met Maria again and we talked for a while, and I could sense her giving in to my sincerity, she then said, she will help me only when she is free. It wasn't long, before we began going out together to her friend's isolated house, only after darkness fell and without my muslim robe and skullcap. My dates with Maria, were at first, more for a Christian education lesson than romance. But I began to get attached to her as time passed. It became obvious to me at this juncture that I could not lie anymore for Allah and Islam. I knew this part of my life was finished for good. Later, I made more official day trips to Maria's bank, to cash my cheques and deposit the money back, but in reality, only to steal glances at this beautiful and gorgeous lady in her early twentys. My brothers and sister liked Maria, when I brought her home, (but when my father and his second wife were not in). I also went for religious education and Bible readings in secret, often together with Maria. We soon fell in love, but were always cautious in public. My brothers and sister were also very worried for my safety.

On Valentine's day, I sent a parcel to Maria, containing a rose, a ring and a card, saying "take the rose for the beauty and fragrance, but the ring for my yearning heart and my love for you". That night, as planned, I went to pick Maria for dinner. Maria excitedly, waved her ring finger at me, as she got into my car, and whispered in my ear "Dreams do come true, but I did not expect it, in the form of an ex-senior Islamic officer." I whispered back in her ear, "Thank you for saving me from Allah's path to Hell, and showed me Jesus Christ's path to Heaven". Some months later, Maria and I went separately (not to arose suspicion), to the country's capital for my Baptism in

the Cathedral. This was arranged by the church. After the Baptism, it looked like the sun had come into the Cathedral, and all was so bright and peaceful. I even felt lighter. Everyone congratulated me. After we had lunch in the Parish dining hall, Maria returned to our hometown, but I stayed back to find a job in this capital city.

I managed to get a job as a design engineer, in this country's capital through a friend, far away from my own city, for my safety. I know what muslims will do to an apostate (Kill me). The next thing I did, was to have a clean shave (no beard and mustache). I then went out to taste all the food I could eat. You see, a muslim is supposed to eat only Halal food (cooked by another muslim) or it will be considered Haram (forbidden and a sin). Without my skullcap, beard and muslim robe, no one took a second look at me eating Haram food. I felt so free from the yolk of Islam, not being able to do so many things before. Islam kept me in a straight-jacket with so many restrictions. It was like a very heavy weight taken off me. Life looked so wonderful, and I did not have to think of this and that before doing something. I even began singing often, to myself. One night, during my prayers, I cried to Jesus in joy, for all he had done for me and hoped my brothers and sister, could one day share my joys in Jesus Christ, who has given me nothing but happiness and comfort. All the hatred in my heart had disappeared, and I only had love, for my fellow men (even muslims). I presented Bibles to my three younger brothers and my youngest sister. (One of my brothers and my sister have found the true path now and converted to Christianity. God bless them.)

Two months later, when I drove back for Maria, she was so thrilled to see me, especially without my beard. Caressing my cheeks with her hands, she said "now you fit my dream, of my handsome hero". She kept stroking my cheeks tenderly. When Maria and I visited the old Christian lady and her son, they were shocked and could not believe I was the same person, (without my beard, skullcap and my robe). Before we left, we all knelt down before their alter and said a prayer, thanking Jesus for his blessings, and the old lady made a special request for Jesus to keep us both safe and to watch over us forever. Then she turned to Maria, held her hands and said to her that she will always remember her in her prayers.

Maria and I got married in a very quite ceremony at the Cathedral of the country's capital. My brothers and sister, and Maria's parents, brothers and sisters came together in my chartered bus for our wedding. Though now, we have three handsome sons, Maria has not given up hope of having a daughter, and has my work cut out for me. Every night, we pray as a family together and Maria has been and is my mentor and the bulwark of the family, by the grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ. Reflecting back, to all those days, I think, it was not providence, that I accidentally noticed the old Christian lady, or Maria catching me from a fall, but the wonderful and mysterious work of my Lord, Jesus Christ, and I have never stopped thanking him, for all his wonderful gifts, to make my life the most pleasant, I could ever hope for. Thank you Jesus, my wonderful Savior.

Ahmed Simon

P.S. If you are a male muslim, believe me, your path can lead to happiness and Heaven, if you discard the yolk of Islam and take the path of Jesus Christ.

If you are a female muslim, (based on my own mother's experience and my previous work as an ustaz and judge), I know what you go through (the pain, suffering and humiliation) and can honestly sympathize with your position. But it does not need to be this way, does it? It is never too late, for you to break yourself free of this yolk, which binds you down.

Male or female, get rid of your world of untruths and hate (like me), and open your heart and set yourself free today, and experience love and joy through Jesus Christ. Take the first step now and believe me, you will never regret it.

In the Valley of Tears

I am Timothy Abraham (this is my Christian alias), a simple Egyptian from the Delta region. Farms surrounded me from every side with streams of the luxurious Nile river endowing life with fertility. I had a strong Islamic upbringing in my childhood, studying in the village shop for teaching the Quran (al-Kutaab). They taught me to fear God (Allah in Arabic) who created the Heaven and the earth in six days. There was not a single reason to doubt a religion which emphasized fearing God, doing good work and living a moral life. The recitation of the Quran was meant to produce a sense of tranquillity. I enjoyed the Sufi circle of worship, as they adored the person of Muhammad. This was Abu-al-azayem's group. I was searching for more closeness with Allah Almighty.

One evening around 7:00 p.m. in al-Mahatta mosque, having finished praying al- Maghrib prayer, I was introduced to Muhammad Imam and Sulleiman Kahwash. They were vitally influential in incorporating me into their group "The Muslim Brotherhood -- i.e. al-Ikhwan al-Muslimin." They encouraged me to be a devout Muslim and fast on Monday and Thursday of every week and break the fast with them in the mosque where we ate bread, cheese, palm dates (tamr), and delicious salad. I diligently imitated every thing the Prophet Muhammad did, even the sitting posture of the Prophet as he was eating. They were so kind to me. They also saw in me the potential of being an eloquent speaker. Therefore, Sulleiman Hashem, the leader at the time, approached me gently, "Ibrahim, you are called by the Quran's teaching to proclaim the message of Islam "da'awah." "My Allah!" I pondered. "I am just 14 years old and I am easily intimidated." Nevertheless, Sulleiman gave me a stack of books to study in preparation for the sermon I was to deliver the next day. From then on, it became customary for me to preach a sermon on the first Monday of every lunar month. I was filled with zeal as my leaders had arranged for me to go across the neighboring towns, preaching from mosque to mosque. I zealously wanted everyone to follow the Tradition of the Prophet Muhammad, and subsequently, my sister had no choice but to obey my Quranic command and wear the veil which indicated modesty. I needed my father's approval. I wondered if he had ever heard his son, the 14 year old Muslim evangelist preach. To my astonishment my father was sharply criticized by people for having a son who was now a "fanatic." My father became wrathful over my Islamic radicalism and thoughtlessly punched me in the teeth. Today my front tooth is a fake one. It reminds me of my former perseverance to the point of death to be a zealous Muslim fundamentalist and my

willingness to be persecuted for my commitment. My father burnt my Sunni (mostly wahabi and salafi) Islamic library.

I was never daunted by any of this and continued to preach Islam everyday in the morning parade (taboor as-sabah) as well as in every mosque where I went to teach. It never occurred to me for a second that Islam could be wrong. In my pursuit to propagate Islam everywhere, a magazine came into my hands which had pen pal addresses from the United States. I chose one at random and wrote, hoping to convert the man into Islam. I wrote to John from Pennsylvania, USA back and forth for two years, each trying to convert the other. I read every book I could get hold of to refute the Bible. To make things worse, I had no respect for the Bible as I put my feet and shoes on it since the Quran taught me it was corrupt.

Then John surprised me by coming to visit me in my village. That was the first time I saw a real Christian. His sincerity, frankness, genuineness, and openness impressed me. John stayed with me for two months. He had an amazing prayer life which served as a model for me in my latter life. I did not know that Christians prayed until I saw a "living epistle" right in the middle of my house, a man from a far off land who became one of us and genuinely incarnated the love of Christ. John had an amazing prayer life, for he prayed more than he talked, speaking the words of the Bible. I became jealous of John's intimacy with God and increased my recitations of the Quran.

The Quran presents a god who is on the look out for ways of tormenting his slaves. A Muslim may do as many good works as possible in this world and on the Day of Judgment God weighs the deeds of every individual in a "balance." The good deeds will be placed in one pan of the balance, and the evil deeds in the other. If the good deeds are heavier, then the believer will go to the paradise described in Quran as a place of sexual pleasure and frolicking with the wide-eyed huris (sura al-Waqia 56:20-23). However, Christ our Lord said "For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like angels of God in heaven" (Matthew 22:30). My Muslim friend, according to Islam, if your evil deeds are heavier, you will be cast into the fires of hell. It looks like you would need to be only fifty-one percent good to get into paradise. Yet you remain absolutely unsure whether or not you are going to heaven. All you say, my Muslim friend, is, "Only God Knows!" You hope for the mercy of Allah and hope that the angels or the Prophet will intercede for you in the last day, so you will be saved from Hell.

I was like you my Muslim sister or brother, right in the same boat until I knew that you can be absolutely sure of going to Heaven. Tears well up in my eyes just to recall how lost I was and now that I am found. While trembling in tears, seeing the majesty of God, I rejoice to know that I have eternal life for certain.

God in the Bible is both just and merciful. His justice requires that everyone be punished in Hell, for He is perfect 100 percent. No matter how hard we try to please God, we always fall short of His perfection. Our good works will not bring us closer to God. God saw our insufficiency, and decided to pay the penalty Himself. He sent His Word Isa Al Masih (Jesus Christ), who is absolutely sinless and faultless to carry the punishment of our sins on the cross. What can you say to the Judge when He chooses to pay your penalty for you? The Bible says in John 3:16 "For God so loved the world that he gave His only Son, so that whoever believes in Him shall not

perish, but have everlasting life." It is because God loves us that He sent His Word, Jesus Christ, to die for us. Islam never grants us the assurance of going to Heaven, but Christ absolutely does! Praise God! Thank you, my Lord, for sovereignty choosing to pay the price Yourself in the Person of Your incarnate Word, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who is the express revelation of the nature of Allah Almighty.

After John left, his influence stayed. I thought I would depress John by saying, "John, your visit made me a stronger Muslim in the faith and do not try to convert Muslims anymore." Yet John prevailed in his supplication and prayers. His intercessory prayer moved to LORD to wake me up in the middle of the night as I had no sleep or rest. Inner conflict reached its zenith. Restless, I reached out to my Bible and opened it at random.. I found, "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?" I remember one day in the heat of a debate between me and John, I made fun of the Bible and said, "John, your Bible is the most absurd thing! How can you believe the story of Saul who became Paul, the servant of the Gospel?" John said, "The story is true, and that is why I am patient with you. You will be another Paul one day!" I replied, "John, you must be out of your mind to think for a second that I could leave the religion of all religions, Islam!" Reflecting on "Saul, Saul ..." I said Lord! Me? Me persecute You? I did nothing to You in person ... I remember I turned in a female medical student to the police ... but I did nothing to You. Is it true that He who touched one of Your people touches the apple of Your eye?"

Islam denies the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ because the Quran intended to deprive the Jew of the victory they claimed was their in Jesus' death. The Quran asserts that God put somebody who looked like Him on the cross in the place of Jesus. Now my Muslim friends, God is not in the business of fraud, for if he had wanted to deliver Jesus from the cross, He could have done it miraculously without having to deceive and put Jesus' likeness on someone else. This Quranic error is too blatant, and proves that the Quran has no divine origin. What is more, the Quran is self-contradicting, for while it claims that the Jews did not really kill Jesus it also affirms very distinctly the reality of Jesus' death in the sura of the family of Imran 3:47/54 - 48/55 as it states:

When God said:

"OH JESUS, I SHALL CAUSE YOU TO DIE, AND THEN I SHALL RAISE YOU UP TO ME."

My Muslim friend, my goal is not here to proselytize you, but to raise the ultimate questions, Who is Christ? Was he crucified? And how does this affect you? If the whole history of humanity revolves around Christ, then my entire life and existence should revolve around Him too. Denying the cross of Christ is contradicting history itself. Muhammad himself is claimed in the Quran to have been urged, by God, to refer to the People of the Book (the Jews and the Christians) is he in doubt concerning the Quran?:

"And if thou (Muhammad) art in doubt concerning that which we reveal unto thee, then ask those who read the Scripture (that was) before thee." Sura Yunus 10:95

For the first time in my life, I began asking the question "why?" and challenged everything I took for granted. All postulates were critically examined. This got me into trouble in an authoritarian

society. Questions, they say, fly in the face of Allah. Obey. That is All. In the Islamic Brotherhood, our motto was "samaana wa ataana" i.e. "we have heard and obeyed." After years of study, I came to two logical conclusions: The Bible is the

inherent Word of God, and Jesus is the Word of God. I began to see it was possible for Jesus to be God. Intellectually, I accepted all the claims of the Christian faith, but in my heart I still feared being struck dead for calling the Almighty God "My Father." I needed a miracle! The Bible teaches us that no one can say, "Jesus is Lord" except by the Holy Spirit (1 Corinthians 12:3). No wonder every Salvation experience is one of a miracle of birth out of death into eternal life!

From the depth of my heart, in the midst of inner conflict, I cried out to Allah, even in the mosque, "Lord, show me the truth! Is it Jesus or Muhammad? Could it be that You are my Father? Show me the truth, and the truth you lead me to I will serve all my life whatever the cost may be!" I burst into tears since I knew the cost could be outrageously too high for a weak, thin person like me. For how could I afford to be cast out of my family and sleep on the streets like a homeless person? And what if my leaders in the Islamic Brotherhood would find out about me? And what if they, in their Islamic righteously and zeal, rush on to defend Islam and kill me? According to the Islamic religion, an apostate should be given a three day opportunity to recant, and after that the infidel's blood is legitimately shed in the name of Allah! The words of the Prophet Muhammad kept ringing in my ear, "Any person (i.e. Muslim) who has changed his religion, kill him." This tradition has been narrated by AbuBakr, Uthman, Ali, Muadhibn Jabal, and Khalid ibn Walid. Yet I persisted in asking God to guide me.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty.

One night Christ appeared to me in a dream and said with a tender sweet voice, "I love you!" I saw how obstinately I had resisted Him all these years and said to Him in tear, "I love You, too! I know You! You are eternal for ever and ever." I woke up with tears all over my face filled with abundant joy, believing that Christ Himself touched both my mind and my heart, and I yielded. I was filled with great passion for Christ, jumping up and down, singing praises to His name and talking to Him day and night. I would not even sleep without God's inerrant Word, the Bible, next to my chest.

I experienced what a "spoiled child" of God would: God would give me anything I ask for in prayer. But then the Lord wanted me to love Him and worship Him for His own sake, not for what I get from Him. I tried to keep my faith secret and so was baptized secretly in a pastor's house.

Filled with the joy of salvation I could not hide or deny Christ anymore. Therefore, when my childhood friend asked me if Christ was crucified, I answered, "Yes!" and explained why. He prayed with me to receive Christ. He was shaking and perspiring every time he prayed with me. He could see how mighty the name of our Lord Jesus was. My former leaders in the Islamic fanatical group, desiring to know who the spearhead was, threatened to kill him if he would not tell them everything about my evangelism. Sadly, he betrayed me and I was beaten up in front of

the mosque where I had formerly preached Islam zealously. In their sight I was a blasphemous infidel who deserved to be killed unless I would recant. They regarded my conversion as the most horrendous form of desecrating Islam and the Quran.

Since my secret conversion was now made public and Muslims plotted to kill me, I had to flee. I was hunted by Muslims from my village in the Delta, to Ismalia until I arrived in Cairo where my Christian friends lived. Yet Christians were not willing to shelter me and I had to go back to the village, seeking refuge in His protective hands. I came back from Cairo and found an angry mob of Muslims filling up our house. My mother was wearing the garment of mourning, dressed in black as is the custom in Egypt.To them by deserting Islam, I was dead!!! Muslim women yelled at me, "Your mother doesn't deserve all this from you. Why cause her all this grief?" Another woman lamented, "Poor mother! Here son left her for the Christian infidels. If I were her, I would kill my son for running after the infidels like a dog." I received a letter from a friend in Jordan who reported that my father was walking down the streets in Jordan weeping bitterly as Muslim laborers there reproached him severely. He stayed sick in bed for a month because of this until he and I talked on the phone.

It is absolutely unforgettable that outraged Muslims broke into our house in this barbaric way. My mother knelt down at the feet of our neighbor "Sayed" begging him to spare my life and kill her instead. In such indescribable agony, my mother disowned and disinherited me before all people in my village. I love my mother more dearly than any person in this world, but no human power, regardless of how gigantic it is, can separate me from the love of Christ. I will always live for Jesus.

My Bible, all my Christian books, and music tapes were confiscated and burnt. I decided to flee from the Delta region to Cairo. Even though the police were tracking me down, the Lord blinded their eyes and protected me. In Cairo, I was hiding at M.'s, an Egyptian Baptist friend who was comforting me all the time. I broke down when he read,

"So they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name" (Acts 5:41)

I am grateful to God for providing this friend, M., who disciple me, teaching me to live a victorious life rich in worship and thanksgiving. He gave me a pocket Arabic New Testament and told me frankly that his parents were afraid. Also I was told that if they continued to hide me they would be in jail forever. I had nowhere to go. So, upon the advice of my secret pastor, I went back to the village, hiding the Arabic New Testament in my socks, praying that it would not fall out. I was eventually arrested and released repeatedly. I learned what it means to have God as my only Hiding Place. In prison, my Savior knows I have come to experience true peace. I was not shaken because I saw Christ in prison, not myself. I sang songs of joy in the midst of tears, anticipating the shining Morning Star to come and deliver me. I decided to hide the Bible in a place where the police could not confiscate it -- in my heart by memorizing it. I have since made it a habit to sleep with my Bible by my side. Five years later, I managed to flee Muslims' attempts to kill me and I was shocked to find out that there are some professing Christians in America who attack the Bible for which I was willing to die. God's word has given me promises

of faith which I apply as a little child and pray them through in confidence. The gates of Heaven open as we pray through God's Word. His word speaks life!!!

Once when I went to give my mother a Mother's Day gift, she asked me rhetorically, "Mother's Day gift?" I answered, "Yes" every time she repeated the question. She looked at me with such crushing grief and said, "My son, whom I waited 15 years to have and finally was born is now dead. I disown you till the day of judgment, Ibrahim." I cried but Christ touched my heart and said, "I am your family now! I am your father, brother, mother, sister, friend, and everything to you, Timothy, now." I cannot forget those days when my mother would call the police to arrest me. She even went to a witch to put a curse on me and bring me back to the fold of Islam. The witch said, "Your son is following a path which he will never forsake and he will be victorious all his life as long as he walks in it." These words, from the mouth of a witch, brought my younger brother to know Christ. The testimony of demons about our victorious Lord renders skepticism and unbelief absurd (Please read Romans 8:35-39). You also can be more than a conqueror through Christ, your Victor who loves you! Believe it!

I lost my Bible and all my Christian books were confiscated. All I had was the radio. I went sneakily to get my radio to listen secretly to Voice of Hope, searching for some comfort-songs in the night. (By the way, I speak now publicly over Voice of Hope since I live in a free country, America). Yet my mother caught me and she immediately snatched the radio out of my hand and beat me on the head with her shoes. I was just 20 years old at that time. I prayed for a Bible and the Lord heard me. I went to pick up a Bible package from the post office. The head of the post office, Kamal, slapped me forcefully and punched me in the face. I saw all kinds of terror...I was crying from the intensity of pain. He said to me, "You just go after these Christian infidels, leave Islam and we will wipe you out. We will send you behind the sun!" I felt trapped praying fervently to leave Egypt and practice my faith in Christ. Father of comfort, you never left me. Please remind me of your Son hanging on the cross crying out in the depth of agony," My God, my God why have you forsaken me?" Lord Jesus, they all forsook you, and yet You found rest in Your Father. I need to depend on the Father as you did".

After 3 years, I decided to move to Cairo which was not any safer. The last time the police had arrested me they said, "According to us, you are an infidel who has committed high treason. Next time we arrest you, it will be capital punishment." To make it worse, the "Christian" landlord told me he could not shelter a fugitive criminal anymore. I was not welcome in my own country anymore. Nevertheless, the Lord intervened, and a Palestinian evangelist, Anis Sharrosh, introduced me to Dr. Paige Patterson. He began to help me apply for a visa to the United States. At first, I was denied the visa, but Dr. Patterson did not give up. Finally, I was granted an entry visa, and I was supernaturally able to leave Egypt. Lord, You never deliver your children out of bondage to bring them back into it...Help me to live somewhere to practice my Christian faith without the police harassment. Lord, please do whatever it takes so I don't have to live in an environment where people would force me to go into the mosque. You want your children to worship freely even if this means fleeing for their lives like me so that Christ becomes all in all.

If it had not been for Dr. Patterson, I would have been history today. I was scheduled to be executed, and God saw that He had more work for me to do. So, he used Dr. Patterson in supernaturally rescuing my life. God Almighty is a Father of the fatherless (Psalm 68:5), and

when my father and mother forsake me, as David declares, the LORD holds me to Himself. Is God the Almighty, Your Heavenly Father, my friend? (Galatians 4:6) God the Almighty and Majestic One delights in you personally (Proverbs 8:31).

Lord, may I never be secure or seek easiness in life at the expense of union with You. Didn't you tell us Lord, "And you will be hated by all on account of My name, but the one who endures to the end, he shall be saved" (Mark 13:13)? Please don't let me rush your salvation, Lord, in the midst of trouble, but please give me patience so I can endure hardships as a soldier of the cross of Christ! Lord, may Your love consume me to such an extent that the doing of your will would be the real bread of my life. In Christ's name, amen!

Miracle of Miracles

The salvation of a second-generation Islamic theologian

Mina Nevisa with Jim Croft

My first pastor, who was martyred in 1990, always said that whenever a Muslim is born again it is a miracle. In this regard my father's conversion was a miracle of miracles. It took twenty years of intercession, but God is faithful.

My father was a tall, big boned man with gray hair. He was sweet and kind, yet a very serious man who seldom joked. When he did joke, they were funny and made everyone laugh. He took his responsibility of providing for the family seriously and his giving spirit prompted him to frequently bless us with extravagant gifts. Until I confessed Jesus as my Savior, it was my conviction that he was the most loving father that anyone could have.

A good man

Though he had a gentle demeanor, there is no escaping the fact that he was also a fanatical, fundamentalist Muslim. Islam was the priority of my father's life. The most prominent piece of furniture in the living room of the palatial estate that he had built for our family was a small handcrafted table. It was the revered pedestal for his Koran. My mother never allowed anything else on that table. His Koran was cumbersome to hold, as it was heavy and had ornate artwork crafted into its covers. In addition to his mandatory Islamic prayers, he spent a minimum of two hours a day reading it. He kissed it on each occasion that he picked it up or returned it to its sacred place. Father frequently mentioned that no matter how many times one reads the Koran, there will still be things that mystify one's understanding. Yet, it was his conviction that it contained useful teachings that could be found each time he repeatedly read it. Everything he said and did had to be in accordance with the strictest interpretations of Islamic Law. His primary goal for himself and his family was that we be pleasing to Allah. We were important, but secondary in his considerations as he labored to achieve his goal.

Father was a uniquely industrious man. At the age of nine, he and a childhood friend vowed that one day they would go into business together. They became partners in a successful leather factory that employed more than a hundred people. In addition he earned a masters degree in Arabic literature. He spoke and read Arabic with such fluency that he served as a Persian-Arabic interpreter. In keeping with his motto that hard work is a part of a Muslim's life he also became a professor of Islamic theology at the University of Tehran. The trust and reliability that he had in his business partner freed him to give himself to his university work and his studies. His chief joy was teaching. He always said, "Joy, sorrow, wife, children and all of life are to be treasured as long as they do not trespass Islam and adherence to the *Sharia* (the rules and laws of Islam).

The dark side

While I was yet a teenager I saw his customary kind demeanor transformed into that of a raving religious fanatic. It all began by my finding a copy of the Bible in Farsi while studying in the university's library. When I innocently brought that volume into his house his dark side was exposed. With unbelievable fury he screamed that I was to never read such a terrible book. My covert disobedience led me to a supernatural revelation that Jesus is Lord. A series of events ensued that necessitated that my husband and I flee Iran. My father renounced me as his daughter and forbade anyone to utter my name in his presence ever again.

Twenty years later my husband and I were living in Washington, DC. One particular week we were fasting about the direction for our ministry and the telephone rang at 3:30 AM on a Saturday morning. He was already asleep and I quickly answered it assuming that it was likely one of the converts who had returned to Iran and was reporting in to us. They frequently call in the middle of the night. For some momentarily unexplained reason I was shaking as I reached for the phone. No voice came through so I hung up and returned for bed when no one answered my hello. The same thing happened a second time and I decided that I would not answer it if it rang again. It shortly sounded forth for the third time and I dutifully answered it. I heard the operator speaking in Farsi stating that it was a person-to-person call for me from Iran. I assured the operator that I was the person whom the call was for and she told the other party that I was on the line. The male voice that I heard explained the reason for my shaking. Even before I picked up the receiver, the Holy Spirit within me knew who it was. The rush that His presence was causing in my body facilitated my physiological response of shaking. It was my father.

Glorious shock and awe "Mina, my beloved daughter is that really you?" I could not respond instantly due to the fact that I was choking with tears. It was the first time that I had heard his voice in over twenty years. Thoughts of his renunciation of me as his daughter and yelling that my name had been eradicated from his identification papers rushed through my mind. I wanted to speak, but the years of pain forbade his name from spilling over my lips. I rationalized within that it could not be him and was someone with a voice similar to his. "Please excuse me, I must talk with Mina. Mina, Mina is that you? Please talk to me." His repetitions of my name, which he had vowed to never utter again, finally solicited my affirmation that it was I. "Yes, this is Mina. Father, is this really you?" I wailed and slipped to the floor and he gave me the following testimony that convinced me that God had heard every prayer for him that had ever passed through my vocal chords. Then memories of the happy years of my childhood began to flood

through my heart. His big smile the day that he brought home the stroller only days after it was discovered that I was pregnant loomed into my mind. My heart leapt with the anticipation that I would not need to make any more excuses for children not meeting their grandparents.

Holy ground encounter

“Yes, my dearest daughter it is I, your father. It has been so many years and I have secretly longed to call you many times. I am especially sad that I remained silent in my stubbornness after you had the miscarriage in Turkey. If I had it to do over again I would have surely expressed my regrets for your loss of the baby earlier.” At that point, I interrupted him and choked with tears, “Father; you don’t have to apologize. I love you so very much and only God knows how much I have missed you and would love to see you again. It has been a great burden on my heart since the day that I ran away from your home. It was the worst day of my life.” “Mina, I never demanded that you flee. It was also your home.” Then I heard my mothers muffled voice while she asked father to give her the phone. She wept as she called me her beloved Mina. By this time, my husband had come to my side and prayed as my father continued his story.

“My dear Mina, just listen carefully to what I want to tell you about what has happened to me in the last couple of days. Early Thursday morning I left Tehran for our farm in the country and arrived there around noon. Even though it is not Ramadan, I decided to spend the day fasting. I was alone, as your mother was at one of our other estates. I was scheduled to return home later that evening. There were errands to run and I was tired and hungry when I got to the farm. I walked around a little and then decided to return home, only to find that I had accidentally locked the keys in the car. I did not welcome the prospects of walking all the way to town to fetch a locksmith. I opted to recite my *salat* before the cold darkness closed in and before attempting the journey. The waters of the well were cold as I splashed them over my face, arms, loins and feet in ablution before kneeling in prayer. I was famished with hunger and as I knelt I saw a package of warm, freshly baked bread lying in the grass. There was not a soul around for miles and I began to thank Allah for his provision. I put a piece to my mouth and heard a thunderous voice telling me to arise to my feet. I obeyed and as I arose a heavy rain began to fall over me. To my astonishment, the voice commanded me to look around. It was then that I noticed that it was only raining on me and nowhere else on the farm. The ground under my feet was soaked and everywhere else the ground was perfectly dry.

The voice came again, ‘Do you know who I am? I am the Bread of Life.’ My response was, *Allaho Akbar*, God is Great. ‘No, you are mistaken. I am not Allah. You don’t know Me at all. Kneel before Me’. When I knelt a radiant figure appeared in front of me. The light from it was so bright that I had to lift my hands to shield my eyes. ‘You are to repent of your sins. I am the Bread of Life and today My blood washes your sins away.’ I fell face-forward into the wet ground and cried out the name of Jesus repeatedly. As I did so, something that felt like a heavenly electrical honey pulsated through my entire body. I screamed into the muddy ground; even though I am now an old man please accept me Jesus and I will serve you for the rest of my life. The voice became even louder and continued, ‘You are to prepare a feast of salvation at your home for all to see.’ I knew that I had to rush home and tell your mother what had occurred. To my amazement, when I reached for the open package of bread, which was beside me, it and

the ground that I had been lying upon were completely dry. However, my clothes were still thoroughly soaked and I had no choice but to head for home in that condition. In my excitement, I had forgotten that the keys were locked in the car and put my hand on the door handle. Miraculously it swung open and I found the keys in the ignition where I had left them.

I explained every detail about my divine encounter to your mother. I enthusiastically announced that I now believed as you do because I had experienced the same type of visitation that you had once described. She gently reprimanded me for my previous attitudes and then hugged me as she wept for joy. 'Oh, so you now believe in Jesus like Mina? Don't you think that it is a little late seeing how you drove her from our home all those years ago? You are so strange. Because of your fanatical concerns about your precious Islam, you disowned our wonderful daughter who was carrying your grandchild. How could you do such a thing simply to protect your reputation as an Islamic scholar within this ridiculously barbarous regime of the Ayatollah's?' She then embraced me with deep affection. 'My husband, I'm so very proud of you. You can never imagine how I have longed and prayed for the day that I would hear you speaking as you are now. After more than twenty years, it is wonderful to hear you lovingly utter Mina's name with such high esteem. I will do everything that I can to help you prepare the grand banquet for the Lord that you have been commanded to serve in our home."

Forgiveness and restoration

In the background I could hear my mother ecstatically praising the Lord and my father went on with the story of his conversion. My husband and I, in Washington, DC and my parents in Tehran cried praises to Jesus, as each detail was recounted. That night the Lord gave him a dream wherein he saw their estate enshrouded by the sparkling branches of a heavenly tree. One of the branches had the name of a famous Islamic politician and Iranian TV celebrity, who had come to know the Lord, inscribed upon it. This man had chosen to maintain his appearance as a Muslim, knowing that it would give him the liberty to smuggle Bibles into the country and to attend secret meetings. Father sought him out and it was he who gave him my telephone number and baptized him.

Toward the end of our conversation I asked my father whether or not he had asked the authorities to reinstate my name on his identification papers. He assured me that he had, as it was important for personal and legal reasons. On the personal level it was evidence that he truly claimed me as his daughter and would risk his reputation for Jesus. On the legal end of things it would prevent complications about his last will and testament after his death. He assured me that he had indeed officially reinstated my status. Of course, Iran's Islamic regime still hated me and would slaughter me if given the opportunity. However, it was good to know that my father had taken such a bold step for me. "My daughter, you have always been my favorite child and now you are even more precious to me. Without a doubt, I know that everything you believe about Jesus being the divine Son of God is true and that He dwells in each of our hearts. I really need to know, do you really forgive me for all of the heartache that I have brought to you and Javid?" "Father, we love you with all of our hearts. We forgave you years ago and all of our animosities toward the Islamic authorities have been washed away by the blood of Jesus and the waters of baptism. Hundreds of Christians here in America and ex-Muslims around the world have been

praying for your conversion. Because of your confession of Jesus the angels are joining Jesus in a dance of joy. When all of our Christian friends hear the news, we know they will do the same."

Divine repercussions

It might be easy for readers, privileged by birth in free democracies, to underestimate the strategic spiritual dynamics of my father's conversion. Like Communism did, worldwide Islam is doomed to crumble. It will because our faith in Christ is the victory that overcomes the world's evils. When Islam falls, and it will, hundreds of thousands of ex-Muslims will be liberated to evangelize their nations. On that day it will be safe to give my father's name. It carries significant weight with knowledgeable Muslims. His father, my grandfather, was a world-renowned authority on Islamic issues whose sixty-five books are read by Muslim scholars around the globe. My father was a professor of theology in Iran's most influential university. When those who are preaching to Muslims give his miraculous testimony, many will be convinced that Jesus is Lord. These will deduct that if he saw the Lord and spoke with Him and was saved, salvation through Jesus' name has to be legitimate. In addition, ex-Muslim Christians who hear that God answered our years of prayer for my parents will be encouraged that the same can happened to theirs. Now, I can never grow weary in intercessions for the global Islamic community. Anytime one of them is saved it is a miracle. My father's salvation was a most notable miracle of miracles.

Good news and a challenge to experiment

If you happen to be a Muslim, I have good news for you. Though your multiple daily prayers have been misdirected to the wrong deity, the Living God has been observing you as you uttered each one. His desire is that you no longer labor to appease a remote god who gives you no assurances that your prayers are heard. He understands the prejudicial obstacles that your daily recitations of the Koran and the teachings of your Imams have established in your heart against Jesus. He knows that it requires extraordinary signs to convince Muslims that Jesus is the Way. Therefore, He routinely gives Muslims supernatural revelations like the one that my father experienced. Such are the vehicles that He uses to launch Muslims, like you, into lives of joyful, intimate, two-way relationships with Himself and His Son, Jesus.

I challenge you to engage in an experiment. Simply ask God the Father to reveal Jesus to you through the power of the Holy Spirit. You will not be disappointed. That which He has done for me and my father and thousands like us, He will do for you. He will grace you with a spiritual encounter that will thoroughly convince you that Jesus is the Living Son of God. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain by saying that simple prayer. It revolutionized our lives. Yours can be too. It is something wonderful, why shouldn't you experience it? You too can experience a miracle of miracles.

This article is the adaptation of a section from the book, *Miracle of Miracles: A Muslim woman's conversion to Christ and flight from the perils of Islam*. To obtain the full book contact - Mina Nevisa, P. O. Box 4331, Silver Spring, Maryland 20914, Tel & Fax 703-691-2583, Minanevisa@aol.com

To obtain Jim Croft's books on Islam and other interesting topics go to
http://www.booklocker.com/books/1316.html or http://www.booklocker.com/books/1279.html

God Answered Me!

This story is a true account of a testimony in the life of one person searching for God.

Hello and God bless you. My name is Amal and I testify that what you are about to read is all true and correct to the best of my knowledge as God Himself is my witness. My prayer is that God will speak to your heart and use this testimony to bless you in a special way in your life.

Basically I grew up in a strict Moslem home. My father is Palestinian from Israel. My mother is from Brazil. She was Catholic. My father met my mother in Brazil while away from his homeland on a trip. They got married and my mother converted from Catholic to Islam. Like most people who come to the states, they both traveled to the USA in search of a better living. They settled in Los Angeles where I was born less than a year later.

I believed everything I was taught about Islam and felt our religion was superior to all religions of the world. Though, as I grew older some of the teachings of Islam began to bother me, like the dress code of being all covered up. I could never figure out why I had to wear long sleeves. I mean how much can a man be stumbled by my elbow? Then there were the ritual prayers. I didn't like saying the same thing over and over. It felt so strange like a kind of alienation towards God. I was taught that if you prayed in the Arabic language God would hear it even more, but I couldn't speak the language and felt left out. I tried writing out the Arabic prayers in English, but still something was missing. I wanted to pray from my heart, not from words that were not mine. Other teachings bothered me also like abstaining from certain foods, but the one that got me most was the - many wives in heaven - theory. I asked my dad if I was going to heaven and he couldn't answer me. He was quiet about it. As a teenager I thought "I don't want to be in heaven in some strange man's harem...just the thought gave me shivers up my spine. No, I definitely knew for sure I did not want to go to "that heaven" at all.

In 1981 at the young age of eighteen, I made the decision to marry my first cousin in order to please my family. I was always wanting to please my family, especially my father. I had never attended a high school dance nor had I ever dated anyone because it was against my fathers' wishes. Yet two months out of high school I was married. To my dismay not even this action seemed to please my father.

In 1985 I enrolled in college against my husbands and my fathers wishes. They felt that I should be home in the kitchen "where a woman belongs" . With the agreement that I was to maintain all my "wifely" duties at home, I was allowed to continue college. I had become pregnant with my first and only child. I had a precious baby boy. It was probably the biggest struggle of my life

but, I managed to complete my tasks at home, maintained an honor roll status and won two awards at school, became a new mother, and finally graduated college. As I look back I now know that I had done it all for my fathers approval, yet still this did not seem to please him either.

It was 1991 when I was away on a business trip with my husband. He had started this business of selling clothing at state fairs. My husband, me and our friend, whom I'll call "John" to maintain his privacy, had traveled through different states. We slept in hotels, and worked 16-18 hour days. Oklahoma was our next stop. We had a fourteen hour drive ahead of us and we had to leave in a hurry to make it there in time to set up for the state fair. I wanted to take something to read on this long drive, except I didn't have anything with me and we had no time to stop at the convenience store. Instead of being bored for 14 hours, I decided to take a brown Bible that was sitting on the night-stand of the hotel room we were staying at. When I was approaching the door to leave, my friend John, a catholic, stopped me and said "Amal you've never stolen a thing in your life and now your going to start with a Bible? You can't do that! Are you O.K. ?" I laughed at him "Oh John," I said "It's just a bible it's not like someone's going to miss it. No one really reads these things, and anyway I'm just borrowing it. I will mail it back." Then John said "Hey I thought you were a Moslem, why do you want to read the bible all of a sudden?" I replied "Well, I'm just curious about what it says and besides, there's nothing else to read on this trip." With that we all hopped into the truck and started the long drive. While in the truck for about an hour I soon became bored. I was sitting on a small stool in-between John, who was driving and my husband, who was sitting in the passenger seat. I was staring in awe at the array of colors the setting sun was casting against the clouds in the sky. At the same time I began singing a song I remembered as a child... "Glory, glory hallelujah, glory, glory hallelujah, glory, glory hallelujah." and then I stopped because I couldn't remember the rest of the song. We were passing through a scene that I gave thanks to God for creating. Once again I sang those words again having no clue what they meant but somehow knew it was exalting God for his creation. With the frustration of not being able to recall the rest of this song's lyrics, I asked "God teach me a new song to sing to you." I looked into the clouds thinking surely He'll answer me, but alas I heard no thundering voice coming through the clouds as I imagined this is how God would speak. All of a sudden, I thought to myself how silly I am while remembering I was taught, "God speaks to no one". I looked down at the bible I brought that was sitting on my lap and opened it. I had decided I would read whatever page I opened to. This is what I read:

Psalm 108
A Song or Psalm of David.

O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory. [2] Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early. [3] I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations. [4] For thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds. [5] Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: and thy glory above all the earth; [6] That thy beloved may be delivered: save with thy right hand, and answer me. [7] God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice, I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley of Succoth. [8] Gilead is mine; Manasseh is mine; Ephraim also is the strength of mine head; Judah is my lawgiver; [9] Moab is my washpot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe; over Philistia will I triumph. [10] Who will bring me into the strong city? who will lead me into

Edom? [11] Wilt not thou, O God, who hast cast us off? and wilt not thou, O God, go forth with our hosts? [12] Give us help from trouble: for vain is the help of man. [13] Through God we shall do valiantly: for he it is that shall tread down our enemies.

It was so odd, but I felt that somehow God was speaking to me through what I read. Out of curiosity I looked at the page number I was reading, it read "666". Whoa! I shut that book so fast remembering all the teachings of satan and his number, 666. "Is God trying to tell me this book is satanic?" I thought. After more pondering I came to the conclusion that all books with so many pages had to have that page number also. Feeling terribly silly, I discarded the thought of the bible being satanic.

A few days later in Oklahoma I was very sick with a bad flu. I was so dizzy and unable to walk that I stayed in the hotel room that day while my husband and John were working at the fair. I was alone and in bed in this dimly lit room. My thoughts began to wander and I began thinking of how miserable my life was. I was so unhappy. I missed my child because I hadn't seen him in a month. And here I was on this "so-called business trip". My husband was not a very sharp business fellow, he was always searching for that "pot of gold at the end of the rainbow", so to speak. I had calculated out that we were losing about $400.00 a day yet we were bound by state fair contracts. This and so many other problems in my life began to scream at me inside my head. I decided that if I went on thinking about my problems it would not be good for my health. With that thought, I grabbed the remote control and turned on the TV. I was switching channels looking for a movie or some show that could get my mind off of my problems yet, it was too late. I began crying and in anger threw down the remote control on the bed and the TV switched channels by itself. I didn't know what channel it had landed on because my eyes were so full of tears. As I was crying I heard a voice of a man on the TV he was saying something about Jesus and immediately I thought "Oh great that's all I need now, one of those crazy Christian preachers on my TV set. In self pity I cried even more while this man kept talking. He said "Your feeling so confused because you've got so many problems" and in my crying state I agreed and said "yes I'm feeling so confused and I've got so many problems". Then he said "Your crying and your desperate." And I replied out loud "Yes I'm crying and desperate". It was that moment that I decided I wanted to see who was talking to me. So I sat up in bed and reached for a tissue to wipe my tears and focused on this man on TV. Then he shouted, "You just sat up!". I began to cry even more loudly while I put both my hands up to my face shaking my head left and right. "Yea I just sat up", I replied. Then he said "You just put your hands up to your face like this and your shaking your head like this" I gasped and quickly and intensely stared at the TV set as this man was imitating my exact action. I couldn't believe it, He was talking to me! Then he said very loud while pointing straight at me through the TV, "Woman Jesus is your answer! Come right now to the TV set right where your at !" Without even thinking twice I leaped from the bed, and ran to the TV set and knelt down in front of it. Mind you I couldn't walk prior to this though somehow I was able to almost fly all of a sudden. He said, "Quickly there's no time to waste, put your hand up to mine and repeat after me." He held his hand up with his palm towards me and asked that I put my hand up to his. As I pressed my hand against his hand on the TV screen he said, "Now repeat after me." He then began what I know today as "the sinners prayer". Somehow I knew deep within that this was the way to God. He began talking so fast while I was concentrating hard on the words... you see in Islam I was taught if I didn't say the prayer correctly God wouldn't honor it. As I began to repeat after him the best I could a strange blue

neon colored light pierced through the very center of my palm that was pressed against the screen. This light went through my hand, up to my shoulder, to the top of my head and down to my feet but only on the right side of my body. It then shifted to the left side of my body. It felt like a type of soothing energy. This blue energy light then began to circle in an oval shape inside my body and began to grow outward spilling out into the dimly lit room. I was not frightened at all and knew this was good. The circle of light grew bigger and lighter in color until the whole room was filled with a brilliant white light. A feeling of love that I never knew overwhelmed me. I felt so safe, somehow I had become one with this light of love. I knew this was the closest I had ever been to God. When it was all over the man on TV said to call the number on the screen if I had said that prayer. I quickly picked up the phone and called. A dear sweet old lady answered the phone. She congratulated me on accepting Jesus into my heart. And I said "Oh thank you. I knew something good was going to happen today you see because it said so in my horoscope." She replied, "Now dearie... as Christians we don't read horoscopes." That was my first lesson. She said to me that God wants to give me gifts now that I'm a Christian and asked if I would like info on receiving these gifts. "Sure I would like that" I said while my mind pictured a pretty box with a ribbon on it. I didn't really know what she was talking about. Still I gave her my address to mail the info. I hung up the phone and sat on the bed thinking of all that had just happened.

Was this real? What did just happen? Immediately God brought to my memory a day in my life two years prior. I remembered crying out in misery to God while kneeling on the floor of my living room at home. I remembered holding my fist up towards the ceiling and saying to God "Are you real? Why don't you answer me if your real? Why is my life so miserable? I want you and no one else to answer me because I just can't trust anyone anymore! I want to follow you but I don't want to waste my time in the wrong religion, I want to be sure. Answer me, please answer me!" God was reminding me of my questions to Him in such a vivid way it was like a movie screen in front of my eyes. Now I knew what had just happened. God Himself answered me in His own miraculous way. I don't know if the light I saw in that room that day was a vision or actually in the physical realm, but I do know that what I saw and heard was real and that I had finally met the one true God in a very special way.

The next day I was back to work at the fair. Earlier, I found a blue bible in the hotel room that was exactly the same as the brown one from the previous hotel room. Secretly in my heart thinking blue would look better in my living room, I exchanged bibles. My mind was not on work, but rather on the bible and I had a strong desire to read like I never had experienced before. When my husband finally left the booth I took out the bible being so careful that he didn't see me. I then began to read Genesis. Wow! I was reading the same bible but it was different now, more powerful, more real! I loved it and kept reading even to the point that I forgot I was at work. All of a sudden a man's voice asked "What are you reading?" Startled, I looked up and realized my booth was filled with about a dozen people, yet I hadn't heard any of them come in. Shyly I held up the bible to the man and showed him the title on the cover and then I put the bible back down. Suddenly shame and fear filled my mind as I thought "Oh if my dad saw me reading this bible he would be so angry." Then the same man again asked with a big smile "Well, what are you reading?" Could this man not read I thought, what is his problem? In frustration I finally said out loud "The Holy Bible!"

All of a sudden the other people in the booth began shouting in turn, "Glory to God", "Amen", "Praise the Lord", "Hallelujah!". I looked around the booth smiling back at these faces that seemed to be beaming with light and they all seemed to be so happy.

I looked back at the man who asked me the question and asked "Are you all together?"

"No, I'm just here with my wife" he said with a huge smile. Feeling so overwhelmed with all these customers all of a sudden, I quickly went around the booth asking if any of them needed help. No one needed any help, but each one in turn encouraged me to go sit and read the bible. They were all Christians! Then another man that stood beside me said, "You sure look like your enjoying what your reading" "Oh yes it's very good. Have you ever read this book? You really should." I said. "Yes I have read that book and it is very good" he replied. "Are you a Christian?" I asked. He smiled at me and replied "Yes, I am". "Oh", I said shyly "Are you with any of these other Christians here" "No", he replied. I stood up from my chair, "Really? Can you answer a question about Christianity" I asked. He looked at me grinning "Well he said I think I may be able to help you because that's what I do. You see I'm a minister and my father is a minister and my grandfather was a minister and my son is studying to become a minister. So you can feel safe to ask me a question about the bible." "Well", I said "I have this problem. You see yesterday I became a Christian and I kind of took this bible from the hotel and now I fear that God may be very angry with me for stealing." He chuckled and said "That's great that you've become a Christian but you have no problem because that there is a Gideon's bible and these people make bibles to put into hotel rooms for people like you to take. They are happy when they find a bible missing. And God is even happier that you are reading His Word." I was relieved and filled with joy that I could actually keep the blue bible. When they all had left I found that I sold more that hour than I had in any day during the month and it happened while reading God's Word. From that day on I never again was fearful or ashamed of reading the "Holy Bible". God had placed all these Christians who were all separate yet there in my booth at the same time that day to encourage me. Is it coincidence? No it's God!

Back at home in California, I received that pamphlet in the mail with info of "How to receive gifts from God". I remembered the sweet old lady on the phone the day I became a Christian. It was evening time and I was alone in my bedroom. I took the pamphlet and began to read about the "gifts". The first gift was called the gift of tongues. It said pray that the lord will touch your vocal chords then wait. So I got on my knees next to my bed and prayed to God that he would touch my vocal chords. I then got back up sat on my bed and closed my eyes and waited. About 2-3 minutes later my mouth moved and made the shape of an "o" and I spoke the sound "O" then in turn my mouth began making other shapes and I would speak those sounds...the sounds repeated to form different words and the different words repeated and became sentences. I was speaking a language I had never heard in my life. It was fun. I looked at the pamphlet again and saw the next gift called "Interpretation". I prayed again and received that gift. Then came prophecy, and so on down the list. By the third day, the God that was so far away was now my best friend in the whole world. The very first thing I remember Him saying to me was "Amal I love you", I cried for 3 days after that because I was feeling so unworthy of his love. I couldn't understand why Jesus would die for me. I was not accustomed to this kind of love.

One day in prayer I asked God who the Holy Spirit was. He answered very clearly "1 Corinthians 2: 12, 13, 14, 15, 16". I said "God, I don't understand" . He then repeated the same answer and told me to open my bible. I had never heard of this word "Corinthians" before and I wondered what all those numbers meant. But God knew me and knew that I would open to the table of contents. I soon found it and this is what I read:

1 Cor. 2:12-16

Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. [13] Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual. [14] But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. [15] But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man. [16] For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ.

After reading that I said to the Lord God "You mean the Holy Spirit is my teacher?" Then I heard very clearly "Yes" said the Lord. Oh was I overwhelmed with joy. Then I asked "Holy Spirit do you mean You will teach me this bible?" Once again the Lord God spoke "yes" He said. A feeling of warmth and joy overwhelmed me so much I thought I was going to burst. You see I wasn't allowed to go to church. My newly divorced father had disowned me, my brothers were ashamed of me and my husband persecuted me daily. I had Moslem relatives calling me daily, because they wanted to teach me Islam in a better way. Yet my heart was fixed and no one could ever tell me that what happened wasn't real. God does speak to us! God himself took care of me and every time I had a question, he told me where to look in the bible. This took place for three months. One day he instructed me to go get baptized at this local church in my community. So on the day of my baptism my friend "John", yes the same one that was in Oklahoma with me, asked to come. He said he never witnessed a "Christian baptism" before. While at the baptism, John was holding my towel and the Pastor mistook him for someone whom was there to get baptized. John told the Pastor that he was planning to get saved at the church service first. I stood there in shock at what I just heard come out of Johns mouth. Then right there he repeated the sinners prayer and was baptized also. I was so full of joy that my friend had found God. To this day I claim Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. And heaven, yes I want to be in heaven with Jesus where I will praise the best friend I will have ever had on earth. He is my Father God and it's Him whom I try to please today.

It took two years for God to answer me and it was His perfect timing. You may have finished reading this just now and probably wonder if this is true. I assure you I wouldn't have wasted my time writing this if it were not. Jesus Christ is the answer, He is God!

The Road that Leads to Life

How I came to find true peace...

I was born in America to Pakistani parents. As children, we were taught that Islam was the only true religion and that we were blessed because we knew this truth. Jews and Christians had received only a partial truth, which was then corrupted. Hindus were deceived into worshipping idols of wood and stone. We were taught about the life of the Prophet Muhammad and about the Five Pillars of Islam. As a young girl, I was the most zealous of the children and actively read books about Muhammad and Islam. I shared and defended my faith among my grade-school classmates, often standing out as the only Muslim among Christians. I told my whole class about how Cassius Clay had converted to Islam and become Muhammad Ali. I carried my Koran and books on Muhammad when traveling with my parents. I tried to emulate Muhammad in every way, from his eating and drinking habits to his practice of always trying to face East. I prayed and fasted from age 9, reading my Koran all the way through every Ramadan. I even debated a 3rd-grade Christian, asking her how she could possibly believe that God had a son, and how she could worship a man who was just a prophet? She told me, "well, I guess I won't see you in heaven then!" I answered, "I guess not."

Despite all these efforts, I was always depressed, always down and had low self-esteem. I thought myself to be very ugly and sinful. No matter what I tried to do, from good works to dressing nicely, I always felt lonely and like an outcast. Yes, I had friends; but inside was so much pain. I cried myself to sleep many a night, and pleaded with Allah on my knees, my Koran open, trying to find peace through the words. Instead, I saw a cold and distant Allah. Sometimes I fantasized about paradise as described in the Koran: reclining on couches of silk and wearing fine clothes and bangles; drinking pure water from fountains; being waited on by virgins...well, that part never made much sense to me. I wondered if this Paradise could give me peace. In the middle of my dreaming, cold reality would hit me: I will never go there. I will never be good enough. I imagined Hell as described in the Koran, with its ceiling dripping with molten brass and boiling drinks.

Nevertheless, I continued reading the Koran, fasting, and praying. As I grew older, I began to understand the Koran a little better. One day, I was reading Sura 4, Women in my room. I was 14 years old at the time. I read about a wife's inheritance compared to her husband and children. I read about the permission God gave men to marry four wives. Nothing new, so far; I knew that this was written during times of war, when men would die and leave their wives and children as widows and orphans. But the following passage jumped out at me for the first time:

"As for those from whom you fear disobedience, admonish them and send them to beds apart and beat them." (Sura 4:34, Dawood)

Stunned, I read and reread the passage. I ran downstairs to my father and showed him the passage, crying. "How could God say this?" I demanded. "How could he tell men to beat their wives?" My father couldn't believe what he read, but had no explanation. He chuckled

uncomfortably. I went back upstairs, distraught. Somehow, I calmed myself and believed that God would show me the reason for this, someday.

As time progressed, I became more depressed and sometimes even suicidal. Sometimes, I couldn't find a reason to live. To relieve the pain, I involved myself in music, politics, and boys. (Of course, I hid the part about the boys from my parents.) I was successful in high school as a musician, but I would be tormented inside because I never felt that I could ever be good enough at it. I became very interested in the Middle East situation and even wrote an article that was published in a Muslim newspaper. I had numerous crushes on several young men, fantasizing about being loved and cherished as a young woman. However, none of the scenarios ever came into being. I dated one young man, a Christian, for 3 1/2 years towards the end of high school. I would actively assure him that I was a Muslim and could never become a Christian. He never argued with me, just cared for me. All these things failed to give me anything but temporary relief from my despair. When the time came for me to go to college, I was determined to "start over" and find the truth about God.

As I unpacked my belongings in my college dormitory room, I decided that I should take a class on Islam. I met a girl in my dorm who was a Muslim, and I told her about my concerns about Islam and women. She didn't have an answer either, and was quite puzzled by the passage I mentioned earlier. I told her about my plans to take the class. Sure enough, a class was being offered the very first semester! I was quite excited, confident that my worries would be put to rest soon. As the course began, I was happy to read excerpts from the Koran and the Hadiths, since this was all familiar territory. Even more exciting was to learn about the life of Mohammed and the history of Islam's beginnings. Some sources were written by British colonists, and were clearly biased. I decided to focus on the Hadiths and the history books written by Muslim scholars.

My excitement turned to dismay as the class progressed. I read about the offensive wars and the bloody conquests made to spread Islam. I turned page after page to read about Muslim attitudes towards "infidels," Christians and Jews who would not convert to Islam. The Massacre of the Qurayza Jews affected me the most. Dear reader, I urge you to read for yourself the account of this battle (Ibn Hisham: The Prophet's Biography; vol. 2 pages 40-41). I wrestled inside, thinking, "but Islam means peace! How can this be?" Dismay turned to confusion, and confusion to betrayal as I read further, about the life of Muhammad.

Although I knew men could have a maximum of four wives, I didn't realize that Muhammad had special privileges, including unlimited concubines. I read about Aisha, his nine-year-old bride. I learned about the "deficiency of a woman's mind" as narrated by Al-Bukhari. I also found out that the majority of people in Hell were women, according to the same source. Again, I wondered where was the Muhammad that I had been taught: the Holy Prophet, who dressed in white and reverenced his mother. One day, I could not read anymore, because I could not stop the tears from falling. I gathered my books, thinking that if this was who God was, I could not worship him. But it was a fleeting thought. I knew inside that God existed. This God was just not revealed through Muhammad. As I left the library that day, I sensed God looking down at me from above. I felt a strange peace as I forsook Islam that day...as if God was waiting for me to find out who He was.

I decided to search for the truth in other religions. In a big university, there is no want for religious diversity. I spoke with Hindus, Jews, and Catholics alike, trying to understand their beliefs and searching for something that made sense to me. I even met a Buddhist girl who had converted to the Ba'hai faith. I was interested: what made her convert? She explained to me about the emptiness of Buddhism, and how Ba'hais believe that all religions at one point had been revealed by God but were corrupted by man. "This sounds good," I thought. I agreed to visit a Ba'hai temple with her and I started to read about the Ba'hai faith. Somehow, when I went to the temple service, I felt emptiness. Then I learned some parables about their prophet, Bahaullah that really disturbed me. I knew that the truth wasn't here, and I began to grow weary and frustrated with searching.

A Catholic friend had given me a Bible. I started reading it from Genesis but I was discouraged by its length. Christmas break was coming, so I decided to take it with me to read on vacation to Pakistan. (I had the Bible with me the entire time, but thankfully, no one found it. I had no idea at the time what the consequences might be for having a Bible there.) Our plane made a stop in Saudi Arabia. As we were pulling into the terminal, I caught a glimpse of the Saudi Air emblem: Two single-edged swords, and a shield. I remembered words of Muhammad that I had read in my class on Islam: "the power is with the sword." I watched as young soldiers searched our plane for liquor and narcotics. After reaching Pakistan, I was moved by the graffiti I saw on the city walls, reading, "Oh God show us your miracles," and "Inshallah we shall be saved." I was grieved by the street children, the beggars and the lepers, lining the sidewalks.

I was also deeply touched by the love of my extended family towards me. I didn't know whether they knew the truth about Islam, and if so, how they could believe in it. My uncle tried to explain to me about the rights of women in Islam, but I remained unconvinced. Instead, I came back profoundly affected by the sadness and despair of my country. I returned the Bible to my friend.

Late one night, I told another friend about my depression and my inability to see meaning in life. He asked me if I believed in anything. I told him that I believed in God, the prophets, and that if I was good I would go to Heaven and bad I would go to Hell. He asked me, "well, do you basically think that you have been good all your life?" I answered that I hadn't killed anyone or committed adultery. He said, "so don't worry about it! You'll go to Heaven." Obviously, I was very confused. I asked him how that could be, how could I go to Heaven. He asked me if I had ever read the New Testament. I replied that I had not. He asked me if I wanted to read it, and I did. As we opened the Bible to the Gospel of Matthew, I felt an enormous peace come over me -- the same peace that I had felt that day when I had left the library. I knew that the answers lay within. Today, I know that this peace was that which was spoken of in the Letter to the Philippians: "the peace of God, which transcends all understanding" (Philippians 4:7).

We read aloud the first twelve chapters of Matthew. I felt enormously secure, as if God Himself was in the room with me, holding me. The words of Christ filled my dry and parched soul like refreshing water. The way that He spoke was with such authority! One passage made a particular impression on me: when Christ was being tempted in the desert by Satan. Satan told Jesus to throw himself down from roof of the temple. Jesus answered, "Do not put the Lord your God to the test" (Matthew 4:5-7) It was at that moment that I understood: Jesus is the Lord your God! Suddenly, thoughts began to run through my mind such as, "God can do anything. If He wants to

come to earth in the form of a man, He can!" Could this man be the same Messiah that was spoken of in the Koran, the babe who uttered, "I am the slave of Allah" (Sura 19:32)? I didn't think so.

From that night onwards, I had a hunger to read the Bible. I read the Bible all the time. Another close friend bought me my own Bible. I dissected every sentence, every word to try to find fault with it. I brought my questions to several classmates whom I knew to be Christian. They answered me as best as they could. More important than their answers, though, was the love that I saw expressed in them, towards me. One of my friends, Cathy, didn't even know that I wasn't a Christian. Because I had a Bible, she assumed that I was a Christian. One night, I was very worried about an exam we had the next day. I left a note on her door, asking her to stop by. When she came to my room, she approached me, knelt down beside my chair, and took my hand in hers. She said, "Don't worry...He died for you." When she spoke those words, my heart cried out inside. I had never heard those words before in my life. Someone would die for me? That entire night, I thought about those words, which filled me with a love I had never known.

My Christian friends told me about an event which was coming up, where a man named Cliffe Knechtle was coming to speak on campus. They encouraged me to attend, since he specialized in answering questions about Christianity. After the meeting, one of my friends introduced me to Cliffe. I told him my story, about how I was searching for the truth and for answers. He sat down with me for an hour and a half, just listening to me and answering my questions. He was so kind and gentle and honest. I went home that night, knowing that I had all the answers that I needed. I needed only to make a decision, to believe, or not to believe.

I decided that I could ask anyone questions -- but if Christianity was real, God Himself would have to show me. One night, alone in my dorm room, I decided to pray to Jesus for the very first time. I awkwardly said: "Jesus, I don't know who you are. I don't know if you're a prophet; I don't know if you are the Lord. I don't know if you're dead, or if you're alive. But if you are alive, and if you are Lord, then please show me."

God answers prayers, my friends! "Ask, and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you" (Matthew 7:7). Two days later, I received a letter in my mailbox from an old high school friend -- an atheist. In this letter, he told me that he had become a Christian! He wrote: "I don't know why I am writing you this. All I know is that I must tell you to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved!" I almost fell over, the words jumped out at me so strongly. Later, I found out that he had written that letter at the exact same time that I had prayed -- that he had sense of urgency, to tell this to someone. It just happened to be me.

In April of 1989, I made the decision to believe and gave my life to the Lord Jesus Christ. The Word of God says, "small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life" (Matthew 7:14). Understanding the fullness of Christ's atoning death on the cross took many years for me, especially since I was raised believing in the Muslim concept of the "scales." The truth of the matter is that, as a Muslim, I knew that I wasn't going to Heaven. No one can enter Heaven without the atoning blood of Jesus Christ. "I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me" (John 3:21).

Why do Christians criticize violence in the Quran, when the Bible is full of violence?

1. The Old Testament does, indeed, record various acts of violence committed by men against each other or kings against other kings. Much of that was done against God's will, and the aggressors in such violence were condemned and punished by God.
2. Another type of so-called violence in the Old Testaments was actually punishment from God against evil nations. Those nations took it upon themselves to disobey God's authority, tempt God's people to commit sin, sow corruption on earth, and defile the land. The reason that God decided to get rid of them was to contain evil so it would not contaminate society, and to stop evil from spreading through their offspring. Sometimes God dealt directly with such evil as in the cases of the flood at the time of Noah and the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah. At other times God ordered His people to eliminate these evil nations. It is important to note that God's judgment came upon these nations after a waiting period of 400 years (Genesis15). During that time God gave them chance after chance to repent, but they chose to continue with their evil, filling the cup of their iniquity.
3. The New Testament, on the other hand, brings with it a new dispensation based on grace. Forgiveness was the main theme of Jesus' teachings. When the Jews brought to Him a woman who was caught committing adultery, asking that she be stoned, Jesus gave the woman a second chance, telling the accusers, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." (John 8:7). Jesus taught us not to resist evil, but to turn the other cheek (Matthew 5:39). Jesus rebuked Peter for using the sword (Matthew 26:52). When Jesus' disciples, James and John, asked for fire to come down from heaven to consume a village that did not receive Him, Jesus rebuked them saying, "Ye, know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." (Luke 9:55&56)
4. It seems regressive rather than progressive that, after Jesus, another messenger would come from God, to advocate using the sword.

top

And, how about violence committed in the name of Christianity, such as in the Crusades, and in the Balkan...etc.?

1. Although such violence was done in the name of Christianity, Christianity did not sanction it. Because the Crusades to control Jerusalem were not from God, they ended in defeat. This land was not for them. Christianity is a spiritual and peaceful religion that doesn't call for physical occupation of lands or political rule over people.
2. Any person who claims to be Christian and commits atrocities against others is not a true Christian. The fruit of a tree is an indication of what kind of a tree it is. The fruit of a Spirit- filled Christian is "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." (Galatians 5:22&23).

3. The wars in the Balkan are ethnic rather than religious. They took place between different ethnic groups that happened to belong to Christianity or Islam. It is an old struggle, and all sides committed atrocities against one another during different periods of past history. Christianity doesn't approve of the atrocities committed by those so-called "Christians." Christians around the world condemned the violence against the Muslims, and Western, predominantly Christian, countries were instrumental in stopping the violence and protecting the Muslims.
4. By contrast, the Muslim government of Khartoum is waging genocide against Christians and Animists in South Sudan. Over 2 millions have been killed so far, and thousands of women and children are being sold into slavery. We have yet to see a Muslim country coming to help those victimized people.

top

If polygamy is wrong, why was it practiced in the Bible?

1. Polygamy is against human nature. No woman, whether she is a Muslim, a Christian, a Jew or an atheist would be happy to see another woman in the arms of her husband. When God created Adam, He created for him one Eve not four.
2. God did not design polygamy in the Old Testament. It was man's choice and it was a corrupting element for man. Solomon's wives corrupted his life and he ended up being disobedient to the God of Israel, and worshiping idols.
3. In the New Testament Jesus made it clear that it is one woman for one man. Jesus said, "But from the beginning of the creation God made them (one) male and (one) female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh: so then they are no more twain but one flesh." (Mark 10: 6-8)

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If Islam is not from God, why is it the fastest growing religion in the world?

1. First we have to assume that Islam is in fact the fastest growing religion. No concrete scientific evidence has been presented to prove the point. It may well be that perhaps atheism is the fastest growing belief in the world.
2. It is not coincidental that the growth of Islam happened to occur during the last few decades, and after the discovery of oil in the Islamic world. Billions of Dollars from oil revenues have been poured into Islamic evangelism. The money is being used to build mosques, hire activists, print books and pamphlets, and buy television and radio time. The money is also being used to help financially those who embrace Islam, and to support extremist Islamic groups who are waging a jihad against those whom they label as infidels. It is a carrot and the stick policy to entice people into Islam, and at the same time to deter critics of Islam from freely voicing their opinions.
3. The total number of followers is not indicative of the validity of the religion. Movements that fall in line with satisfying fleshly desires are usually more popular than those which

seek to satisfy the spirit. For example, a party that will feature a performance of belly dancers will most likely attract more people than a prayer meeting.

4. Christianity never claimed that it is a religion for the masses, rather it is only for the few who sincerely search for the truth. Jesus said, "wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." (Matthew 7:13&14). Notice here that the broad way that leads to destruction is available for the masses to simply go upon it. On the other hand, the narrow way is not easily found. One must be willing to search for it until he/she finds it. On the broad way, people benefit from going upon it, while on the narrow way, people sacrifice by going upon it.

top

If Christianity is so great, how come we hear of a higher divorce rate among Christians, alcoholism and drug abuse, priests raping children and homosexuals being married in churches?

1. Divorce is not allowed in Christianity except for adultery (Matthew 19:3-9). Alcohol, drugs, or any destructive habits to the body are totally forbidden in Christianity (1Corinthians 6:19&20). Fornication with children or adults is condemned in Christianity (1Corinthians 7:18). Homosexuality is forbidden in Christianity (Romans 1:26&27), and was called abomination in the Bible (Leviticus 18:22). Because of homosexuality God destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah (Genesis 19:25).
2. It is clear that those who commit such sins, although they may be called "Christians," are actually not, because they don't follow the teachings of Christianity. The holy Book of any religion is the only base to judge a religion, not those who break its commandments.
3. The same rule applies to Islam. We don't judge Islam by the behavior of Muslims but by the teachings of the Quran and Hadith.

top

How can Christians worship three gods? Is it conceivable that God gives birth to a son?

1. Christianity doesn't believe in three gods, but one true God (James 2:19, Deuteronomy 6:4).
2. It is clear from both the Old and New Testaments that God is a triune God. The concept of a triune God is the most logical because it reveals God as sufficient in Himself. As Christians, we believe in God being one God: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. This is not 1+1+1=3, but rather 1x1x1=1.
3. The belief of Jesus being "the Son" of God doesn't come from the physical sense of the word. It doesn t mean that God, at a certain time, had sex and produced a child. Jesus is the Son of God from eternity.

4. To say that Jesus is the Son of God is to mean that He, spiritually, was with God from the beginning. (John1:1) However, at a certain point of time in history, he was miraculously incarnated into a human being through the Virgin Mary (Matthew 2:1), to redeem our fallen human race.

top

How can you argue that the Bible is not corrupted in the light of the existence of so many different versions of the Bible?

1. The different versions of the Bible, are different translations, using different languages and different dialects. All these translations are taken from the original texts and have been done by experts as accurately as humanly possible. If there are variations in the wording of the texts they are because of the different shades of meanings that the original words could carry. However, the essence of the Bible is the same. The same situation applies also to the Quran. There are many translations of the Quran, which differ from one another and those who don't speak Arabic have to rely on the translations.
2. The claim of the corruption of the Bible is an idea that Muslims had to invent to justify the many discrepancies of the Quran when compared to the Bible. For somebody to claim that the Bible in our hands is corrupt, they must be able to present the correct copy as evidence. There is no such correct copy of the Bible other than the one we have. Extant (currently existing) manuscripts of the Bible dating to the 4th and 5th centuries -- long before the birth of Islam -- are found to agree completely with the text we now have. The oldest extant fragment of the book of John dates to about 125 A.D.
3. The Quran actually testified to the validity of the Bible and repeatedly said so (see Sura 4:47; 2: 41, 91; 20:133; 29:46). Accordingly, Muslims can not argue that Christians and Jews corrupted their Bible before the birth of Islam.
4. On the other hand, It is inconceivable that the corruption of the Bible took place after Islam, either. It was virtually impossible for this to have happened, seven centuries after the birth of Christianity, and after Christianity had spread all over the world. By that time Christianity had divided into many denominations that were not even talking to one another, much less sitting down together and agreeing on a conspiracy to forge their Book. Also, how could they have kept this conspiracy a secret without having somebody coming out and disclosing it? This, in addition to the fact that the Bible had by then been translated into many languages, and so to corrupt the Bible one would have had to collect all the existing Bibles in the world and destroy them, which would have been impossible to do.

top

The Quran says that God revealed the Injil (the Gospel), to Jesus. However, Christians have four different Gospels written by four different men. How do you explain this?

1. Contrary to what the Quran says, there was no such thing as an "Injil" that was given, revealed or taught to Jesus. No such book was ever found, or referred to in any historical references. When Mohammed came in, 7 centuries after Christ, the four Gospels were already known allover the known world, including the Arabian Peninsula. The Quran never claimed that there was anything wrong with the Book of the Christians, and never revealed a corrected version of it.
2. The word "injil" (gospel) is derived from the Greek language to mean "good news." St. Paul provided a definition of the Gospel in (1 Corinthians 15:1-4), "Brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel, which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand: By which also ye are saved. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Jesus died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." Although there are four gospels, but all of the four gospels are witnesses to that one gospel: that Jesus died, was buried, and rose again. All ended by stating this fact.
3. Jesus never ordered his disciples to record his words. He promised his disciples that he would send the Holy Spirit to dwell in them, to teach them all things and remind them of all what Jesus had done and said (John 14:26). On the day of Pentecost, Jesus fulfilled his promise, when the Holy Spirit dwelt in the disciples (Acts2: 1-4, 15-22).
4. The four Gospels were written by four different men, inspired by the Holy Spirit. The gospels narrate, from different viewpoints, what Jesus did and said during his ministry. They don't contradict, but rather complement one another.

top

What is the proof that the Crucifixion actually took place? How could an all-mighty God die at the hand of humans? Why would God need to die to save humanity, anyway? Doesn't the all-powerful God possess the authority to forgive whom He pleases, and when He pleases, without the need to die on a cross?

1. The story of the Crucifixion is a fact not fiction; it has been recorded by many reliable sources. Here are just a few examples:

   Historians' Testimony such as the Greek Tacitos (A.D.55), the Jewish Falavius Josephus (A.D.37-97), The Romans Pliny the Younger and Seutonius, and many others who referred to the Crucifixion of Jesus in their writings.

   The Jewish Talmud Testimony (Refer to the 1943 Amsterdam edition, page 42)

   The Old Testament Testimony as it has been recorded in the many prophecies pointing to the Crucifixion (Genesis 3:15, Psalm 22:16, Isaiah 53, and Zechariah 11: 12-13).

   Jesus' own Testimony in the New Testament predicting his own crucifixion (Matthew

17:22-23, Mark 8:31, and Luke 9:22).

The Gospels' Testimony.

The Apostles' Testimony (Acts 2:22-23, Romans 3:24, Romans 10:9-10, 1Corinthians 1:18), and in many other places, and their willingness to die for proclaiming that truth.

The Nicene Creed Testimony in A.D.325.

2. The Crucifixion of Jesus was not an accidental incident that happened by chance at some point in history. It was a divine and eternal plan. From the beginning, before man fell into sin, God knew what would happen and prepared a way to save man (1Peter 1:18-21, Acts2: 23-24).
3. When man disobeyed God by eating from the forbidden tree, he committed a gross sin against God. This sin is punishable by eternal death. The judgment came to Adam and his seed after him, who inherited the fallen nature (Romans 6:23, Ezekiel 18:20).
4. God can only act according to His basic attributes. Because God is faithful, He can not lie, and because He is just, He can not let sin go unpunished. God's plan for salvation must satisfy both His love and His justice (Psalms 85:10).
5. This could only be accomplished when God took human flesh and accepted death on the cross on our behalf, to pay the penalty of our sin (John 3:16; Romans 5: 8; 1John 4:10).

top

Why Christians and Jews don't believe in Mohammed, when the Bible predicted his coming?

Muslims cite many references in both Old and New Testaments to prove that Mohammed was prophesied in the Bible. However, a close examination of these references shows that they don't fit Mohammed. These are references that usually point either to Jesus or the Holy Spirit. Here are the most quoted examples:

1. In the Old Testament: " The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken. I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him." (Deuteronomy 18:15 & 18)

   This can't possibly refer to Mohammed. Mohammed is the descendant of Ishmael, and the Jews never looked at the descendants of Ishmael as "brothers." On the other hand Jesus fits the description "like unto Moses." Jesus was a Hebrew, as was Moses, while Mohamed was not. Jesus performed signs and wonders, as did Moses, and Mohamed did not. Peter, in the New Testament, left no doubt about the fact that this prophecy applies to Jesus. (See Acts 3:20-26)

2. In the New Testament: " But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me. "(John 16:26).

   Muslims say that the Greek word which was translated "the comforter", actually means " the praised one" or "Mahmoud" in Arabic, in reference to Mohammed. It is true that there is a word, similar in pronunciation, which means "the praised one," however the word used in the Gospels is different and is accurately translated to "the Comforter." This, no doubt, refers to the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is a spirit, while Mohammed was flesh. The Holy Spirit was sent to the disciples, but Mohammed came in 6 centuries after the death of the disciples. The Holy Spirit was said that he would "dwell" with the disciples (John14: 17). On the other hand Mohammed never saw the disciples. It was said that the world would "not see" the Holy Spirit, but people saw Mohammed.